Hillsboro Crusade Sketches

AND

Family Records

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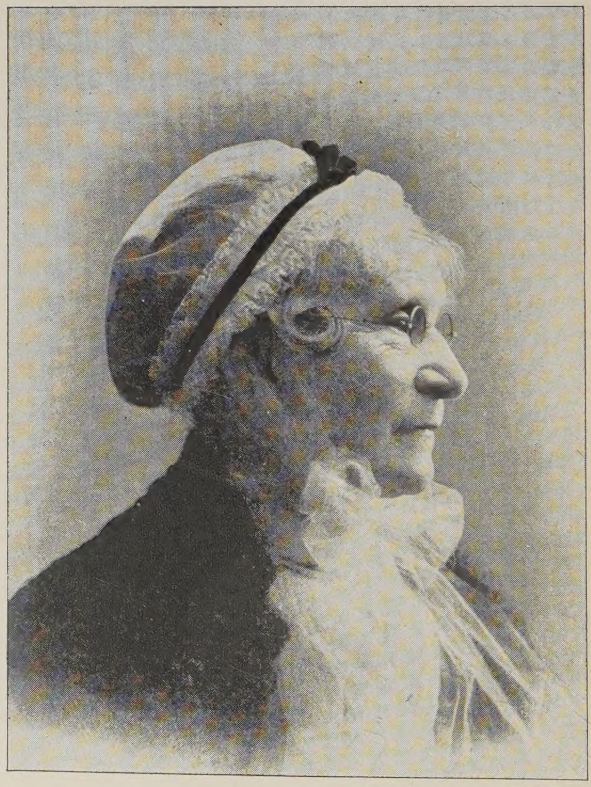

MRS. THOMPSON.

Hillsboro Crusade Sketches

AND

Family Records.

BY

MRS. ELIZA JANE TRIMBLE THOMPSON,

HER TWO DAUGHTERS,

AND

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"Keep thy purpose with courage, and preserve an upright intention toward God."—THOMAS A KEMPIS

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM.

1906.

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BY MRS. MARIE T. RIVES
AND
MRS. MARY McA. TUTTLE,
1906.
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TO THE

White-Ribbon Workers in all Lands

This Volume

is Affectionately Dedicated.

ELIZA JANE TRIMBLE THOMPSON.

HILLSBORO, OHIO,
December 23, 1895.

HILLSBORO, OHIO,
1905—Rededicated by Family.

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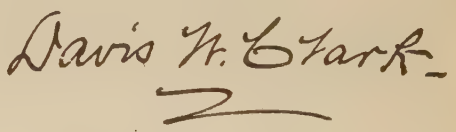
THE FIRST WOMAN TEMPERANCE CRUSADER.

Mrs. Thompson was a sincerely modest woman, petite in stature, counted even timid and shrinking in disposition. She was pre-eminently domestic in her tastes, she loved her home, lived for her husband, her children, her neighbors, and her Church. She dwelt apart, in the village not in the metropolis, far from the garish scenes of life. How came this unexpected and distasteful fame to be thrust upon her?

It can only be said that she had an open heart. Into it came the call of humanity which is the call of God. To her spiritually tuned nature the human and the divine were one and the same note. She answered it in the spirit of prophetic inspiration.

Raised in the aristocratic atmosphere of a governor's mansion, by her natural temperament unassertive, she broke the shell of conventionalism and did an unconventional thing. She led a band of women from the church door to the saloon door, and knelt with them upon the sidewalk. She maintained that vigil and siege of prayer until every saloon in the place was closed. Under the exemplary power of this unique deed began the Woman's Crusade, the most effective and far-reaching temperance movement the world has ever seen.

The first White Ribboner deserves unstinted praise. No monument too tall or too snowy could ever be reared for her. Her immortal fame is assured. Wherever the Gospel of Temperance is preached throughout the whole world; this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.



PREFACE.

This little volume is rightly introduced by some early family history, which, in its beginnings, "took methods and formed habits of truth" which outlasted many vicissitudes, and still serves as a legacy to children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

M. Mc. A. T.

❦ ❦ ❦

This second edition of Hillsboro Crusade Sketches and Family Records, edited by the Rev. Davis Wasgatt Clark, D. D. (who was selected by Mrs. Thompson to be her literary executor), has, through this fact, an additional authoritative and literary tone, which adds value to it as a publication. Dr. Clark is not only a representative Churchman, but an author of recognized ability, scholarly and crystalline in style: the presentation of the additional materials in this second edition is consequently distinctive; and the family desire to express grateful thanks for Dr. Clark's tribute of loyal friendship.

It is an interesting literary coincidence that Bishop Clark, father of Davis W. Clark, should have edited the Memoirs of Jane Allen Trimble, grandmother of Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson, which Memoirs were written and published in 1861 by the late Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, D. D.

HILLSBORO, OHIO, *January, 22, 1906.*

This book will have, one of these days, singular value as recording, on the spot as it were, a movement which will very surely be referred to more and more as the scenes depicted fall into the background.

HORACE. E. SCUDDER.

BOSTON, *1896*.

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I.

THE MAKING OF AN EARLY GOVERNOR.

I.

THE MAKING OF AN EARLY GOVERNOR.

"The strenuous soul hates cheap success."—EMERSON.

NARRATIVES which begin with tomahawks and scalping-knives are not so sure of arresting attention in this advanced period of our American civilization as narratives which have to do with electricity and its effect upon poor criminals, or accounts of the advancements in marine architecture and how the "man-of-war" can best be built to withstand belligerents. But the tomahawk and scalping-knife were familiar sights to the pioneers of the eighteenth century, and, consequently, to the grandfather of our present chapter; and, finally, after many times witnessing the terrors of early warfare with these deadly weapons, he was himself attacked and killed by the Indians in the mountains of Virginia in 1763, shortly after he and his family emigrated to America: so that a tomahawk thrown across our pathway at this period of our story is significant.

John Trimble belonged to the Scotch-Irish race, and was a believer in John Knox, the man born at Giffordgate, a suburb of Haddington, in

1505, and who, before his death in Edinburgh, 1572, knew what intense hardships meant, as well as remarkable experiences in affairs of Church and State. As a believer in Knox and his uncompromising doctrines and wonderful zeal (which, an English ambassador said, "put more life into Knox than six hundred trumpets"), our Scotch-Irish emigrant met his death as heroically as John Knox would have met any perpetrator of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "At the time that John Trimble was slain, James his son, and his daughter Mrs. Estell, and a black boy, were taken prisoners. Mrs. Estell was sitting on a log, sewing ruffles on a shirt of her husband, when the Indians claimed her as their prize." "This marauding party was successfully pursued over the Alleghany Mountains by a party under Colonel Moffit, stepson of John Trimble, who surprised and routed the Indians and rescued the prisoners. James lived to aid in punishing, in honorable battle, the slayer of his father." "In 1774 he participated in the bloody and decisive battle of Point Pleasant."*

"At the very beginning of the Revolutionary War these savage tribes again took the field, and the frontier settlements became the theater of

* Memoir of Mrs. Jane Trimble, by Rev. Dr. J. M. Trimble. Published in Cincinnati, 1861. Methodist Book Concern.

conflict between combined British and Indian forces and border troops. James Trimble commanded a company of these border troops during the war. In 1784 he decided to make the Territory of Kentucky his future home, and accordingly organized an emigrant company, which grew in such proportions that it finally numbered over five hundred souls. By the time it reached Bean's Station, a military commander, General Knox, of Revolutionary fame, was selected as leader. After traversing two hundred and fifty miles of wilderness, they reached Crab Orchard, Kentucky, November, 1784, and began to locate lands earned by military service." *

A late writer, who has been over this old wilderness road, says: "It has every conceivable badness—loose stone, ledges of rock, bowlders, sloughs, holes, mud, sand, deep fords, and one day in a wagon is enough to satisfy a man for life."

Our hero, the subject of this chapter, "the little governor," as he was afterwards called, was only twelve months old at the time referred to. It is impossible to see him, as he is wrapped in homespun blankets, clasped in his mother's arms, who is on horseback in the current of an angry river, the bravest woman in a party of five hundred emigrants! She clasps her baby very firm with one hand, and holds on with

* See Memoirs.

the other hand to the mane of her noble horse, and tells her other child to hold fast to her waist, and then plunges forward, arriving safely on the opposite shore, amidst the shouts of those who crossed before the river became so dangerous. General Knox shouted to her that, "after this, she should be his aid-de-camp and lead the women, as her husband, 'Captain James,' led the men." She made no reply, but knelt before the great army of people and offered a prayer of thanks to God for the narrow escape from death, amid their shouts and weeping.

When they reached Cumberland Gap, the old mountains looked dismal enough. "Twenty men were stationed by General Knox on the table-rock overhanging the 'Gap,' and twenty men were sent two hundred feet in advance of the main body of emigrants, which, as we have said, in all numbered five hundred souls. Two hundred of these were from Virginia, and the remaining number from North and South Carolina. The rocky and uncultivated approach to the 'Gap' was covered, in some places, by cane, growing ten feet high and as thick as hemp." But most of the party feared the panthers and wolves more than the canebrakes. Yet the canebrakes are said to be very difficult to penetrate, and in the extreme Southern States they grow to fifteen feet in height. "On the dividing

line of Kentucky and Virginia they first began to appear. They were indicative of rich land, and in many instances usurp the growth of timber. The deer and the bear were fond of the young, green leaves, and as apt to hide in one of these canebrakes as were the Indians."

General Knox sent out a reconnoitering party, which was attacked by wolves and panthers, and barely escaped the stealthy Indians. They were now fast arriving at the frontier post. Buffaloes, bears, and deer furnished food for the people all winter.*

They settled on a farm in Woodford County, Kentucky, near Lexington—the famous Blue-grass Region—and there remained until they removed to Ohio in 1804. Captain James Trimble and his wife determined, after having lived in Kentucky for some time, to release their slaves. The captain presented his deed of manumission to the courts. It was twice refused, as an evil influence, which would exert itself over the servants of others; and not until young Henry Clay, with an eloquent request, had urged it, did the courts accept the noble deed. From that time (1802) there arose a friendship between Mr. Clay and the Trimble family, which continued during his life; and the correspondence between Henry Clay and Allen Trimble,

* Memoirs of Jane Allen Trimble.

who was, of course, younger, contained much that is valuable in the political and social events of those years.

Captain Trimble, after having liberated his slaves, made arrangements to go to a free State in 1804. "He took with him some help, purchased lands in Ohio, cleared ten acres, put up a double log-cabin, planted a young orchard, and returned to Kentucky to prepare his family for the journey;" but, alas! was overtaken by sickness and died, leaving his wife and eight young children to find their own way to the free State.*

The only time before this calamity that we have seen our little hero was on the day when he crossed the angry river, held tight in his mother's arms, wrapped in his homespun blankets. Now he springs up, like a young Spartan, and cheers the sad and weary heart of his widowed mother, as she, with her "eight fatherless children, travels over the rough roads of this unbroken country for six weary days, until she reaches her home in the wilderness of Ohio." The few improvements Captain Trimble had been able to make rendered the spot dear to the heart of his faithful widow, as it was his last work on earth. A less brave, devout, and in-

* Facts related by Rev. J. M. Trimble in Memoirs referred to.

telligent woman than Jane Allen Trimble would have tarried in the former circle with older associations; but the very face of the woman shows what firmness as well as tenderness centered in her nature.

The widowed mother and her eight children prospered. Their home was a resort for many interesting and intelligent pioneers, and even Indians, with their squaws and papooses, would come in and stay for a meal, stand their papooses up against the wall in their cases while shaking hands in good faith with the woman whom General Knox had called his "aid-de-camp."

Two of the sons were sent to Philadelphia for their education. One became a physician, the other a merchant and a writer of history; another son, whose portrait shows a noble countenance, served in the War of 1812 as colonel, and afterward was a United States senator; and a younger son was sent to a classical school in an adjoining State. Three sons were engaged in military service. Carey was appointed to a lieutenantcy in the regular army. The sisters married Virginians, Mr. John Nelson and Mr. James McCue. Mrs. Trimble was greatly aided in the management of the family by her son Allen, who afterward, as governor of Ohio, just twenty-one years after the arrival of the family at the log-cabin, distinguished himself in his official duties. He served

the State in various capacities for twenty-five consecutive years. "Educational interests and internal improvements of every kind were encouraged and aided by him. Underlying all his success in life, and the very source of his power, was integrity. He put a high estimate upon personal honor, and bequeathed his descendants a spotless name in public and private life."* He was very fond of showing to his grandsons an old silver soup-ladle, which had been made from some silver won the first and only time he ever played cards when a young man. He had it made, he said, "to remind him of his folly and of his vow never to play cards again for gain as long as he lived." He was equally self-denying on the temperance question, and while other men of his generation kept their wines and brandy on their sideboards, he never did, but made it a point, even when hurried in his executive office, to attend temperance conventions, and once took his daughter "Eliza" to Saratoga to the first National Convention. This was after the time when, as a child of nine years, while attending a private school in Cincinnati, the desperate effort was made to kidnap the only daughter of the governor. At this time little Eliza was at Mr. Picket's school, in Cincinnati—a private school for girls, and she boarded with Mrs.

* Biographical Sketch, by Rev. John F. Marlay.

McKnight, on Fifth Street, between Sycamore and Main, where sixteen other girls boarded.

It was the second term of Governor Trimble's administration. A case very rare in those days of a man killing his wife and two children occurred. The indignation was great; yet some hearts were sympathetic, believing the man to be not in his right mind. Although the law pronounced judgment of hanging, Mr. Alibone Jones, Dr. Daniel Drake, and others, got up a petition for the commutation of his sentence to lifetime imprisonment, setting forth the condition of the poor man. Governor Trimble, being very much inclined on mercy's side, accepted the proposition, and the sentence was commuted, and changed to life-time imprisonment. This caused much commotion and indignation among the rabble. Governor Trimble, Mr. Alibone Jones, and Dr. Drake were hung in effigy, and then burned, in the streets of Cincinnati. George Lair, who had been for years in service in the governor's family, was at the present time a stage-driver between Hillsboro and Cincinnati. He was devoted to the children of his former employer. One of his favorite horses being disabled, he left his hotel and went to the stable to take care of it. As he watched by the side of his horse he heard a whispering from men on the other side of the stall, who

were making a plot to carry the little daughter of the governor off, conceal her in New Orleans, and keep her as a hostage until the governor would consent to have Burtsell hung. George discovered that they knew her boarding-place. He determined to go at daybreak to Judge John McLean's home, who was one of Governor Trimble's intimate friends. Finding from the butler, who met him at the door, that Judge McLean was in Washington, he went immediately to the house of Mr. George Jones, the father of Mr. Alibone Jones; for his wife, Mrs. Jones, and daughter had visited Hillsboro when George was coachman for Mr. Trimble. When Mrs. Jones became aware of the situation, she told George she would call at an early hour for Eliza, at the boarding-house, and take the little one for a drive. She assured Mrs. McKnight she had permission from her parents for a visit from the little girl, and would keep her several days.

When she had the child safely at home with her, she told her frankly the situation, and warned her not to leave the house, unless protected by her husband or son. Mrs. Jones was much fortified to find great bravery on the part of the child. She wrote to Governor Trimble, that "Eliza was neither agitated nor frightened." She took her to the school in her carriage, and

acquainted Mr. Picket with the facts. Eliza sat quietly there, making quill pens with her old teacher, while Mrs. Jones went farther on her rounds that morning. When she called for Eliza, she found her as composed as any little philosopher.

Mr. Trimble wrote that, as soon as he could, he would devise a plan to get her home safely, but that he was advised by Dr. Drake and Mr. Jones not to venture into the city himself. Eliza remained with Mrs. Jones for two weeks, and then she was taken care of by Mrs. Judge McLean for three weeks, at the end of which time her little brother Cary and George Lair came in the stage-coach to take her home. They had to feign their names, and did not talk to each other on the journey. One day and a night were required for the journey from Cincinnati to Hillsboro in those days, which now is made in three hours. The stage stopped in Williamsburg, and the little girl was put into a bed in a room next to the bar, where the men all night cursed her father.

As a matter of history, it is interesting to recall that Mrs. George (Bank) Jones, as she was called, because her husband was a banker, was a Miss Alibone, of Philadelphia, and once, on her way from that city to Cincinnati, she took the route through Hillsboro. She carried gold and

silver coin in her carriage to her husband's bank, and feared to stay at the hotel, so Mr. and Mrs. Trimble invited her to remain at their house, little supposing that she would return the kindness in the manner just related.

The first wife of Allen Trimble was Margaret McDowell, a clever woman, of great animation of manner and good heart. They were married in 1806, in Woodford County, Kentucky. She was the sister-in-law of Mrs. General McDowell, who took so active a part in the Ohio Crusade. "Her father was Major Joe McDowell, a statesman and soldier in North Carolina, of distinction, one of the leaders of the North Carolina troops at King's Mountain—the fatal battle of the Revolution in the South. The great victory won there over the British arms drove Cornwallis into Virginia, where he was compelled to surrender to Washington, and the success of the Colonies' cause was assured. McDowell was then elected to the Convention which formed the constitution of North Carolina. For years he represented his people in the North Carolina Legislature and Senate, and, after many years of service in the National Congress, he moved to Kentucky, where his life closed, and where he left many debtors to his usefulness and high reputation in the future generations which still honor his memory."

Allen Trimble served in the War of 1812, under Harrison, and was commissioned major. William and Cyrus, his brothers, were also in this war; Colonel William A. Trimble being desperately wounded in the sortie at Fort Erie under General Brown, which caused him to resign his position in the army, and in 1817 he was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Ohio. He died in Washington City in 1821, at the age of thirty-five, where the writer of this chapter recently visited his grave in the Senatorial Cemetery.

Allen Trimble took his seat in the first General Assembly that ever convened in the city of Columbus, Ohio, and was returned seven successive terms, and in 1818–19 he was chosen president of the Senate. Those who can judge, speak within the limits of truth and justice when they affirm he was the ablest presiding officer the Senate of Ohio has ever had.*

The loss of his first wife was grievously felt by him and by his two little boys, Joseph and Madison. In 1811 he became imbued with the spirit of a young and beautiful Quakeress, of auburn hair, mild blue eyes, and mild temperament, which, as Hamlet says, "doth give the torrent smoothness." Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow, were elegant, dignified Quakers, and she was educated to

* Biographical Sketch, by Rev. John F. Marlay.

be a true woman. She was the mother of Cary A. Trimble, William H. Trimble, and Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson. There was in this marriage, cemented by religious sentiment and common interests in serious topics, a vast influence, extended through long and useful years, until, as old people of eighty and seventy-seven, they smiled in mutual sympathy upon each other across their glowing fireside, and upon their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, urging lessons of integrity, industry, and patience upon all who came in their way. Many a time has the writer of this sketch sat midway between these noble grandparents and read aloud the volumes of Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," many instances of which were very familiar to their ears; so much so that they would interlace family legends and Revolutionary stories with the historical facts given by the author. A curious illustration of the patience and sagacity of Allen Trimble and his wife "Rachel" is the story of the two thousand dollars. One morning, in midwinter, they were startled, while making their toilet, by the old colored cook, "Patsey," giving a tremendous knock at their door, and calling out: "Hurry out here, Miss Rachel, for the Lord's sake!" Accustomed to all manner of people and events in those early days, Mr. Trimble opened the

door halfway and saw James Brooks, one of his Fayette County farm superintendents, trying to push his way in, and, while grasping the hand of his employer, he cried out, "I'm a ruined man, governor. Here's all that's left," and he threw down on the table a mangled, wet, and hideous-looking pocket-book.

"That's just the way it looked," said he. "Betsey can swear to it, when I took it out of the gluttonous beast's throttle! That's the way it looked, and that's all that's left of the two thousand dollars!" And he clenched his teeth and said: "I'm at your mercy, governor; will work it out if it kills me!"

"Lock the door behind us," said Mr. Trimble. "Come, James, and have your breakfast, and after that we'll talk it over. Come, Rachel," said he to his wife; "lock the door and bring the key."

After breakfast the fragments were taken from the pocket-book, which James explained was in the pocket of his blouse when he was feeding the gluttonous beast (and the rest of the critters, as he called them), who turned and snatched the pocket-book instead of the fodder, and began chewing up two thousand dollars of bank-notes as fast as if they'd been grass. "I took to my heels for the house," said he; "snatched my gun from the shelf, and Betsey

startin' after me, thinkin' I was going to kill myself; but I made straight for the greedy ox, and I ripped open his throat in no time, and there it was! Sure enough, there it was! Nasty, villainous thing! But I'll work it out, governor; I'll work it out, if it kills me."

"Do n't get so excited, James," said Mr. Trimble. "We'll see what can be done;" and he took up the wet mass of paper and said to his wife: "Can you have the patience to spread these separate pieces out on a table, if some one helps you, until they dry, and then paste them on tissue paper, reconstructing the face of the bills if possible; the bank may yet receive them at some discount." Little Eliza was allowed to stand on a chair by the table, and watch her mother and one of her uncles all day, while they separated and combined this "filthy lucre." The banks received the notes, finally, making only a small discount. Poor James wanted to bear the loss; but the governor paid him a premium instead, for his brave and honorable conduct.

Mrs. Trimble and the family resided in Hillsboro during the years of Mr. Trimble's executive work in Columbus, and he always claimed that the repose and strength he received during the short vacations in his Hillsboro home replerished his mind for its labors and public cares:

believing that "the only heart that can help us is one that draws, not from society, but from itself, a counterpoise to society;" and he contrasted the quiet, beautiful, and industrious life of his wife with the gay extravagance of other women whom he constantly met, and felt as much comfort and pride as a man can feel in the knowledge that he has a perfect companion. Mrs. Trimble's taste for all that was pure and beautiful showed itself in her finely-selected, half-Quaker toilets; her choice of good old mahogany furniture and beautiful china; her cultivation of flowers; and her exquisite table—for never was there a more perfect housekeeper. Once while Miss Katherine Beecher was visiting Mrs. Trimble she inquired of Miss Katherine what subjects she was writing upon just then? "Housekeeping," Miss Beecher answered, amiably. "How would you enjoy some practical experience in that line?" said Mrs. Trimble; "I can furnish you with some to-day." "O!" said Miss Beecher, "it is so much easier to write about than to put into practice."

II.

HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

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HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

SUNDAYS were representative days in the old Hillsboro home, and the visits of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren made the grandparents' hearts glad, even after the infirmities of extreme old age prevented them from attending Church services. It had been their habit to drive to the Methodist Church (of which they were loyal members, the Presbyterian and Quaker belief having fused itself into the religion of the Wesleys) in their elegant, tasteful carriage. This carriage was a great source of pride to the grandchildren, who were not allowed to touch the dove-colored cloth and silk, nor even the ivory buttons, or disturb the composure of the white horse. They could enjoy the horses "Red-bird" and "Jenette" and "Pony," but not "grandma's white church-horse," as they call it.

Dr. Joseph M. Trimble, the oldest of Governor Trimble's sons, after an active and useful life in the ministry of the Methodist Church, located in Columbus, Ohio. He was well known throughout the State, and represented his Church

at the General Conferences for many years. He had a large interest, as his father had, in educational institutions, to one of which he left a handsome endowment. He was possessed with the spirit of reform, of self-sacrifice, of firm and abiding religious conviction. He married Sarah Starr, a niece of General Trimble, of Baltimore, who assisted him in a cheerful manner in all he undertook. She still lives to enjoy the abundance of good his industry and wisdom surrounded her with. Of her cheerful Christian virtues much could be written.

Mr. James Madison Trimble, the second son, married a daughter of Mr. John Smith, of Hillsboro, a wealthy citizen. Mrs. Trimble was a woman of just pride and dignity of character. Their large and interesting family added greatly to the pleasure of Governor and Mrs. Trimble's life, as they resided in Hillsboro in a handsome property near by. Mr. Madison Trimble resembled his father in appearance, and had the same sense of humor and keen wit and talent for accumulating money, and the same enjoyment of political affairs. These two oldest sons were children by the first marriage. Wm. H. Trimble, Cary A. Trimble, and Eliza Jane Trimble were the children of the second marriage. Dr. Cary A. Trimble, who was well known in the medical profession, married Mary McArthur, the youngest

daughter of Governor Duncan McArthur, of Chillicothe, Ohio, a woman of rare beauty. His second marriage was to Anne Porter Thompson, a sister of Hon. James H. Thompson. Dr. Trimble represented his district most ably in Congress. He was a man of the world, courteous and interesting. The double tie of relationship, brought about by his marriage with Mr. Thompson's sister, was most happy for both families, and their son Allen, named for Governor Trimble, was a very unusual boy, as was the daughter by the first marriage with Mary McArthur. Mrs. Trimble's rare intelligence, and exemplary taste in Washington life and in their Chillicothe, Columbus, and Florida home, is still a matter of pride to all her relations.

Colonel Wm. H. Trimble married Martha Buckingham, of Zanesville, Ohio, the youngest daughter of Ebenezer Buckingham, a man of large wealth and high business qualifications Colonel Trimble was full of energy, ambition, and public spirit, and it was an hereditary inclination which led him into the War of the Rebellion. His home was the result of fine taste and costly selections made by his wife. Landscape gardening was much studied by them both, and good architecture. Their place called "Woodland," a suburban residence, is now owned by Mrs. Trimble's nephew, Rev. George Beecher,

nephew of Henry Ward Beecher. He has built a costly gray-stone house also in this beautiful wooded lawn. The three children of Colonel and Mrs. Trimble, alas! died in the bloom of youth and fortune, leaving beautiful characters.

Now we come to Eliza Jane Trimble, the only daughter, who married James Henry Thompson, September 21, 1837, when a girl of twenty-one. It was a marriage blest with the approval of parents and the extravagant enthusiasm of friends. On the morning when the bridal party started on the wedding journey the sun shone out in all its splendor. The carriage occupied by the bride and groom, groomsman and bridesmaid, had come from Kentucky with its colored driver, an old family servant, who felt the vast responsibility resting upon him to bring the bridal party in safety back to Kentucky.

To Governor Trimble and his wife it was a serious fact that their only daughter was now married. This spirited girl of twenty-one, weighing only ninety pounds, with wavy, auburn-brown hair (or "chestnut sorrel," as her husband called it), brown eyes, and an unusually fine and lofty forehead, had married a courteous, industrious, and talented young lawyer, whose family was in perfect harmony with her own. He was a man destined to claim, now and then, in his long laborious life, the luxury of being a

dreamer. On his wedding-day he luxuriated in this way, and was consequently very silent. Finally, being questioned by his groomsman, who sat opposite to him, on his behavior, he exclaimed:

"Can't you let me spend one day in silence, thanking God that Eliza was ever born?"

"O yes," said Mr. Mathews, "excuse me for even giving you an incidental glance. Being myself an old bachelor, I did n't know what etiquette required toward a bride. I had always supposed the groom spoke to her occasionally;" whereupon the whole party roared out laughing, and the colored driver whipped the horses into a terrible speed.

Harrodsburg, Mercer County, Ky., was a home similar in history to the one in Ohio, which had given to the young, promising lawyer his wife. Much hospitality and much admiration was awaiting the young couple. Even the slaves were joyful over the appearance of so much festivity.

"Lord 'a' mercy," said old black mammy, "Mr. Henry never tire pettin' the young bit of a bride, little enough to put into his pocket."

The "generous hospitality, beautiful women, and fine horses," for which Kentucky is noted, were fully appreciated by the young Ohio bride. "Montrose," the home of the groom, was much more to the bride's taste than the elegant place

of Colonel George Thompson, their uncle, so celebrated, with its three thousand acres, three hundred slaves, deer-park. Dinner-parties served with silver-covered dishes, and extravagance in all directions; and while she had presided at her father's table, even when a child, over large political dinners (during the ill-health of her mother) on important occasions—for instance, when De Witt Clinton, governor of the State of New York and his staff were present—yet the main thread of her life had been one of industry and economy, except her Cincinnati education, which was then considered a luxury, and her visits to Boston and Saratoga with her father; and she claimed little knowledge of the big world, but instinctively she knew it; and it was this keen insight into human nature and human affairs which was to distinguish every action of her life. As a child she had been made to rise at midnight and pray with her grandmother (with whom she slept); to rise at daybreak, and ride on horseback with her father; and to sit by her mother, and complete tasks which were the most irksome sometimes to her little spirited nature. Yet discipline was believed in by the parents. She had been taught that to treat divine things frivolously was wicked. And so the spirit of Kentucky society, with its wit and humor and gayety, and its fields of sport, was novel to her

mind. After having enjoyed this peep into the Sunny South, so different in its conventionalities and social usages from the Middle and Northern States, the bride and groom returned to Ohio.

After residing with Governor Trimble in Hillsboro for a short time, they went to Cincinnati to live. The life there was among the most congenial friends, and Mr. Thompson's rank at the bar was high, as his colleagues were always willing to admit.

Little "Allen" and "Anna," the first children, were tenderly and daintily cared for. The fine old gardens of Nicholas Longworth were in the near neighborhood, and afforded a charming resort for the children, as the social life at this unusual home did for the parents. Many years afterward, Mrs. Thompson took her two younger daughters, Marie and Mary,* by invitation, to visit at this old mansion, where the millionaire of Cincinnati, in his old age, walked about among the various members of his household, like a little king out of some fairy story.

Mr. Thompson, although a Kentuckian by birth, came of Virginia parents, John B. Thompson and Nancy P. (Robards) Thompson. He was the third child in a family of ten children.

* These children wanted the same name, and were gratified when their parents told them one might be French and the other English Mary.

His grandfathers were both officers in the Revolutionary army, one a colonel, and one a captain. His father was a lawyer, who achieved an enviable reputation at the bar and in local statesmanship. He was of English and Scotch blood, and his mother was of Welsh and French Huguenot blood. Mr. Thompson's brothers, Hon. John B. Thompson, United States senator from Kentucky, and Philip B. Thompson, one of the leading spirits of the Kentucky bar, and his brother Charles Thompson, were men like himself—possessed of energy and ability. His five sisters were superior women. One of them married the youngest brother of his wife, Hon. Cary A. Trimble. So these Virginia families, the Thompsons and the Trimbles, were by ties related by blood, by profession, and by sympathy.

From 1838 to 1842 Mr. and Mrs. Thompson remained in Cincinnati, but removed to Hillsboro on account of its more healthful climate, where they have ever since resided. Mr. Thompson always engaged in a large circuit practice of five surrounding counties, also in the circuit and district courts of the United States, of Ohio, and in the Supreme Court of the State. (Biographical History of the Scioto Valley, page 203.) "In the reports of this court his name and arguments appear as counsel from 1840 to 1894, as many times, if not more, as are the number of the vol-

"FOREST LAWN."

Owned originally by Judge Thompson, purchased by Mr. Joseph Richards, who has enlarged the house, and is the place where altruistic society meets, held by Mrs. Richards.

umes of the Reports; but his best reputation was achieved as a land lawyer, in the complex titles of the Virginia Military District."

"At the time they removed to Hillsboro, Governor Trimble and Mr. Thompson were both ardently supporting General Harrison, the old-line Whig, and in 1844 he took an active and prominent part in favor of Mr. Clay, and at the last Whig Convention at Baltimore urged the nomination of General Scott. At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion he threw his influence with the Republican party. "His family were residing in the beautiful home which he had planned and built, a place which to-day is called "Forest Lawn." My first recollections of my mother come from these days, which afforded me a joyful childhood. The face, the form, the walk, and the voice left an impression upon me as a child, of a spiritual nature, of a being from whom much light in the home radiated. But little did I think of all that mother's face and form and walk and voice would be to me in after years. There was a charm about my father which captivated and fascinated me. The cheerful hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson in those days in their beautiful home was most generous.

A school-friend of Anna Porter Thompson has latetly written the following paragraphs: "Years went by; the spacious mansion and surrounding

groves echoed with the sound of children's tiny feet, and were full of the music of baby voices. Allen grew toward manhood a wonderfully beautiful boy—such as we dream Absalom may have been—his hair of a flaxen tinge, his eyes blue as the skies of old Highland, his voice vibrant with a boyish melody, which never left it, even in his mature years. He left the University of Delaware to enter the ministry, and married a handsome brunette girl, the daughter of Rev. Dr. George Crum. The parent's hearts were filled with pride and content as they realized how brilliant the young clergyman was, what a power in the Church, what pathos and what eloquence; but sorrow began to trace deep lines on the faces of the joyful parents." "Anna, their oldest and beautiful daughter, had developed at the age of eighteen into a fine and noble womanhood, "when the angels came," says her classmate, "and laid white roses on her pulseless breast, and shut out forever the light from her soul-inspiring eyes." But the crushed mother said: "Thy will be done." "It was the faith which had fed the Trimble blood for generations," says this writer, "that compelled her to be still, and know that it was God." A fortitude more heroic, a resignation more exalted than the after life of the poor, bereaved mother, is not for record; but to Mr. Thompson there came no surcease of

THE OLD HOME.

grief, and learned though he was, says this same writer, "he found no balm in Gilead." "Thou wilt come no more, gentle Anna," he exclaimed, as he walked the spacious house over; but "the eternal womanhood led her husband on," and he united with the Church, and tried also to say, "Thy will be done." He had interested himself in helping to build the Hillsboro Female College, and now, although Anna, one of its first gradutes was gone, Marie and Mary were still to be educated.

The declining years of Governor and Mrs. Trimble claimed the attention of their only daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson moved to the old residence with the children. Forest Lawn was sold to Mr. Joseph Richards, who still occupies and improves it each year, and the family henceforth resided, as they do to-day, under the old ancestral roof.

The sad days of the War of the Rebellion were closing in about all, and Joseph, the second son, entered the army, while Allen, the oldest son, was raising his eloquent voice before crowded audiences, in pulpits and lyceums over the great plan of salvation, and the war for freedom. He exclaims, on a Fourth of July, when making an oration:

"On this day, shame upon the man who would obtrude his political prejudice, or theolog-

ical dogma, or private pique, as an apple of discord upon the festive, joyous, heart-dancing assemblies of the free! Nay, this is the day to prove the poet's inspiration and truthfulness, who sang,

> 'Divide as we may in our own native land,
> To the rest of the world we are one.' "

He had, in those days, charge of the large Wesley Chapel of Cincinnati; but the enormous duties it brought, the vast audiences, together with domestic cares, were too much for him. Discouragement and insufficiency began to take hold of his strong nature. Must he be defeated for want of endurance? Had he miscalculated his strength, or would he not glory in the conflict of life. These were the thoughts brought keenly before him every day. By "acting rashly he might buy the power of talking wisely." (Emerson.)

His gentle-hearted wife, with her dark, handsome eyes, looked on with admiration, believing that he would long live to assail the powers of darkness, and plead for the elevation of the masses. But a sad and silent elapse of his work, of his energies, followed for a short time, and then once more he came forth, like one who had been captured by an enemy.

but suddenly released, and on the rostrum and in the pulpit, even of Henry Ward Beecher, he held vast crowds entranced. There came another Fourth of July, when, after an oration, he took cold, and, pneumonia following, he struggled into the new birth of the life to come with the following words on his lips: Though suffering intensely, he was well aware, he said, "that the icy stillness of promised death had settled upon him." He called for his wife, had his little daughter Sallie on one side, and his son George on the other, and clasping them in silence, he offered his wife and children his last embrace. (See "Memoirs of Allen T. Thompson," published in 1868.)

In the memoirs many resolutions, such as the following are to be found:

"He loved the cause we still love to honor and perpetuate, and we deem it but a small return for what he has done and suffered, that we inscribe our tribute of respect and regard upon the tablets which commemorate his virtues, and never-to-be-forgotten labors among us. But he has passed to his reward, calmly and sweetly, as the true Christian sinks to rest, leaving us to mingle our tears, and offer our deepest sympathy and kindest regards to his bereaved and heart-stricken family."

He had begun writing his autobiography, and among other paragraphs this one, regarding his mother, appears:

"I can not refrain from a moment's tribute to her—my mother—whose hand of sympathy was never refused, and whose tremulous words of wise warning and kind entreaty, never ceased till its mournful cadence was changed for the subdued, but no sweeter tone of present praise; who seems to me now more like an angel, too pure for earth, but left awhile in Divine mercy to woo and win souls to Jesus and heaven."

This experience and death was a serious blow to the entire family. The old governor mourned for his namesake; but the martyr heart of Mrs. Thompson spoke in language bold, clear, and courteous to those who came to offer sympathy.

The widow and children came to the old home, and were tenderly cared for. These old rooms, with their large windows, the panes of glass so small and numerous, still let the light of heaven in. The wood-fires burned brightly, and the high, old mantel-shelves, with their Doric columns painted black and faced with red brick, and the red hearths upon which stood elegant brass fire-irons supporting the big logs, all looked very quaint and attractive to the little ones. The glow of the fire fell upon some portraits on the opposite wall, and lighted up the

rich old family heirlooms; and "Grandma Thompson," as they called my mother, sat in her rocking-chair, with her foot on a footstool, while her fingers flew among the wool and steel needles to make little stockings for her grandchildren, as she had made them for her darling boy Allen. There were now, during the war times, five generations, fourteen people at the table of Governor Trimble.

Marie and Mary visited in Cincinnati, and in 1870 Marie was married to Dr. Edward Rives, a gifted man of high family birth and unusual education. Mary went to Europe to study art. Herbert Tuttle, whom she met abroad—a man of rare character and attainments, who was then the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily News* a native of Bennington, Vermont—came to Hillsboro, where they were married, July 6, 1875, at the old homestead. They lived in Europe for four years. On their return to America, Mr. Tuttle, as teacher and historian, distinguished himself among scholars. Dr. Rives and his wife left Cincinnati for the better climate of Hillsboro, where the doctor's large experience as lecturer and practitioner in the medical profession was highly estimated. Mrs. Rives, since the death of her husband, has been a beautiful example of unselfish devotion to parents and joy to friends.

Joseph, the second son, at the close of the war went to the far West, where, after several years engrossed with the fascinations of that life and climate, he lost his life after heroic endurance. And it was thought that the anguish which my mother experienced over this the death of her third child would terminate her own life. But life is not terminated by grief, else would few survive the terrible stroke.

Henry, the third son, graduated in the medical college of Cincinnati, but declined to practice medicine, preferring the business life with his youngest brother, John Burton Thompson, in Colorado. They plunged into pioneer life, as their forefathers had done. The unselfishness of Henry and John Burton in financial affairs, and the generosity of the daughters, make the old age of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson serener than it could otherwise be.

Sallie, the daughter of Allen Thompson and Lucy, his wife, the beautiful blonde, married John A. Collins, of Hillsboro, son of Charles A. Collins, the lawyer and poet. After a few years of happy married life in Hillsboro, the young lawyer preferred to go West—to beautiful Pueblo—where Sallie died, so young and so beloved.

George, the son, resides at Xenia, with his mother and his wife, Maude (daughter of Colonel

Thomas, of London, O.), and two little flaxen-haired babies, the great-grandsons of Judge and Mrs. Thompson, who are coming, as these lines are being written, to brighten the old ancestral home with the ring of their childlike glee.

III.

HILLSBORO CRUSADE SKETCHES.*

"And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

"For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."—LUKE IX, 23, 24.

*From the *Union Signal*, Chicago, May 4, 1895.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. THOMPSON.

Sketch

of the life of mrs. eliza j. thompson.

IT is an old saying, and true as it is old, that God not only raises up people for emergencies, but also fits them for these by special opportunities, and often by trials. The writer of these sketches, a daughter of Hon. Allen Trimble, one of Ohio's honored governors, was born in Hillsboro, Ohio, August 24, 1816. She grew up in a home characterized by comfort and culture, and careful training. To the educational advantages which an intelligent community afforded her, were added those of the schools of Cincinnati, as well as of acquaintance with many of the prominent people of the day.

Her marriage to the Hon. James H. Thompson, September 21, 1837, brought her union with one of intellectual tastes and of unusual mental gifts. The heart of her husband has proudly trusted in her, and most lovingly have her sons and daughters risen up to call her blessed. Early in life she confessed Christ as her Savior; and by Bible study and prayer and gospel obedience, she sought to closely walk with God; and she dwelt among her own people, greatly

beloved by many, honored and respected by all, fitted by social standing, by training, by native gifts, and by rare personal influence to be a leader; yet, withal, modest and self-distrusting, she waited unconsciously for the call of the Lord.

The writer of this Introduction, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first pertaining to this "Crusade" work, believes that he ought to say for Mrs. Thompson, and all the good women associated with her in this undertaking, that they went out in faith, not knowing whither they went; not boldly, but modestly; not recklessly, but consciously constrained of the Lord. They never thought of the publicity and honor that future years might bring them, but in a prayerful spirit they tried to meet the present duty.

He also adds that some two or three weeks after the "Crusade" began, it came to him as an overpowering conviction that we were in the beginning of a great movement, which would be spoken of in future years like the "Reformation," or the religious movement in the time of Wesley. He so publicly expressed himself then, and has never seen any reason to reverse his opinion.

These sketches of the "Crusade," written in the quaint and readable style so characteristic

of Mrs. Thompson, are most heartily commended to the friends of temperance, and to its enemies as well, as an important contribution to the history of the temperance cause.

W. J. McSURELY,
Pastor Crusade Church.

PRESBYTERIAN PARSONAGE,
HILLSBORO, OHIO, 1894.

HILLSBORO CRUSADE SKETCHES.

I.

VOLUMES have been written, and speeches without number made, setting forth most graphically the "Crusade of Woman against Rum." Yet strange to say, the call comes with greater and still greater earnestness to the leader of the little "band of seventy:" "Tell us more about the beginning of the Crusade in Hillsboro, and give us all the incidents connected with it, for the story must not die with the veterans of 1873 and 1874." As the shadows lengthen, and the number of that band counts fewer, I am reminded that what I do, I must do quickly.

Many years ago a friend wrote to me for a brief but plain account of the facts in connection with the starting of the Crusade in our town, and of my relation to it. Supposing at the time that it was for her own personal interest merely, I wrote freely, withholding no part of the truth as it occurred.

That narrative was adopted by Miss Willard in her work, "Woman and Temperance," and has become the "old, old story." After all these years I could not change the "facts and

figures," and might not change the diction to profit; therefore, with slight additions, I furnish it as the first of the promised series of Crusade sketches from the "Old Fort."

On the evening of December 22, 1873, Dio Lewis, a Boston physician and lyceum lecturer, delivered in Music Hall, Hillsboro, Ohio, a lecture on "Our Girls." He had been engaged by the Lecture Association, some months before, to fill one place in the winter course of lectures, merely for the entertainment of the people; but finding that he could remain another evening, and still reach his next appointment (Washington Court-house), he consented to give another lecture on the evening of the 23d. At the suggestion of Judge Albert Matthews, an old-line temperance man and Democrat, a free lecture on temperance became the order of the evening.

Dr. Lewis was our guest until the morning of the 23d, when my brother, Colonel Wm. H. Trimble, took him to his beautiful "Woodland" home, intending to send him across the country to Washington Court-house in his own carriage on the morning of the 24th.

I did not hear Dio Lewis lecture because of home cares that required my presence; but my son, a youth of seventeen, and my daughter were there, and they came to me upon their return home, and in a most earnest manner related

the thrilling incidents of the evening; how Dr. Lewis told of his own mother, and several of her good Christian friends, uniting in prayer with and for the liquor-sellers of his native town, until they gave up their soul-destroying business. Dr. Lewis said, "Ladies, you might do the same thing in Hillsboro, if you had the same faith," and then turning to the ministers and temperance men who were upon the platform, added: "Suppose I ask the women of this audience to signify their opinions upon the subject?" They all bowed their consent, and fifty or more women stood up in token of approval. He then asked the men how many of them would stand as "backers," should the women undertake the work. Sixty or seventy arose. "And," continued my son, "you are on some committees to do work at the Presbyterian church in the morning, and the ladies expect you to go out with them to the saloons!"

My husband, who had returned from Adams County Court that evening and was feeling very tired, seemed asleep as he rested upon the sofa, while my children in an undertone had given me all the above facts; but as the last sentence was uttered, he raised himself up upon his elbow and said: "What tomfoolery is all that?" My dear children slipped out of the room quietly, and I betook myself to the task of consoling their

father, with the promise that I should not be led into any foolish act by Dio Lewis, or any association of human beings, but added: "If the Lord should show me that it was his will for the women to visit places where liquors were sold and drunk, I should not shrink from it."

After some time my husband relaxed into a milder mood, continuing to call the whole plan, as he understood it, "tomfoolery." I ventured to remind him that the men had been in the "tomfoolery" business a long time, and suggested that it might be God's will that the women should now take their part.

Nothing farther was said upon the subject until the next morning after breakfast. "Are you going to the church this morning?" asked the children. I hesitated, and doubtless showed in my countenance the burden upon my spirit. My husband walked the length of the room several times, and finally said: "Children, you know where your mother goes to settle all vexed questions. Instead of family prayers this morning, let her alone to make her decision." I went to my room, kneeling before God and his Holy Word, to see what would be sent me, when I heard a step at the door, and upon opening it, my daughter stood there. With tearful eyes she handed me her small, open Bible and said with with trembling voice: "See what my eyes fell

upon. It must be for you." She immediately left the room, and I sat down to read the wonderful message of the great "I Am" contained in the 146th Psalm. And as I read, new meaning seemed to attach to those promises (so often read before), and the Spirit said: "This is the way, walk ye in it." No longer doubting, I quickly repaired to the Presbyterian Church, and took my seat near the door. Several of my friends came, and urged me to go up to the front. While hesitating, I was unanimously chosen as president or leader, Mrs. General McDowell vice-president, and Mrs. D. K. Fenner secretary of the strange work that was to follow.

Appeals were drawn up to druggists, saloon-keepers, and hotel proprietors. Then the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. McSurely, who had up to this time occupied the chair, called upon the chairman-elect to "come forward to the post of honor." But your humble servant could not; her limbs refused to bear her. The dear ladies offered me assistance, but it was not God's time. My brother, Colonel Trimble, observing my embarrassed situation, said to Dr. McSurely: "I believe the ladies will do nothing until the gentlemen of the audience leave the house!"

After some moments, Dr. McSurely said: "I believe Colonel Trimble is right. Brethren, let

us adjourn, and leave this work with God and the women."

As the last man closed the door after him, strength before unknown came to me, and without any hesitation or consultation I walked forward to the minister's table, and opened the large Bible, explained the incidents of the morning; then read, and briefly (as my tears would allow) commented upon its new meaning to me.

I then called upon Mrs. McDowell to lead in prayer; and such a prayer! It seemed as though the angel had brought down "live coals" from off the altar and touched her lips—she who, by her own confession, had never before heard her own voice in prayer!

As we arose from our knees (for all were kneeling that morning), I asked Mrs. Cowden, the Methodist Episcopal minister's wife, a grand singer of the "olden style," to start my favorite hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears," to the familiar tune of St. Thomas, and turning to the dear women, I said: "As we all join in singing this hymn, let us form in line, two and two, and let us at once proceed to our sacred mission, trusting alone in the 'God of Jacob.'"

It was all done in less time than it takes to write it. Every heart was throbbing and every woman's countenance betrayed her solemn re-

INTERIOR OF OLD CRUSADE CHURCH.

alization of the fact that she was going "about her Father's business."

As this "band of mysterious beings" first encountered the outside gaze, and as they passed from the door of the old church and reached the street beyond the large churchyard, they were singing these prophetic words:

> "Far, far above thy thought
> His counsel shall appear,
> When fully He the work hath wrought
> That caused thy needless fear."

On we marched in solemn silence, looking neither to the right nor left, until we arrived at the drugstore of Dr. Wm. Smith on East Main Street. Mrs. Milton Boyd had been appointed to read "the appeal" on that morning, and proceeded to do so. From the minutes so carefully kept by our secretary, Mrs. D. K. Fenner, we extract the following:

"Dr. Wm. Smith, after much persuasion, signed the 'druggists pledge,' with the understanding that he, as a physician, had a right to prescribe liquor and sell on his own prescription.

"Seybert and Isaman signed very willingly, and assured the ladies of their good wishes.

"Mr. James Brown, Sr., signed also willingly.

"Mr. Wm. H. H. Dunn postponed his decision."

"HILLSBORO, OHIO, December 24, 1873.

Before entering upon the second chapter, I yield to the entreaty of many friends and insert

my husband's first impressions of this memorable morning. The second chapter gives the story of the "Crusade Hymn," and why I chose it as our marching song.

Judge Thompson's account of this movement, taken from his History of the County of Highland: "The town of Hillsboro has always been noted for its interest in the encouragement of all systems of education, and few populations have excelled that of Hillsboro in the promotion of female education; the result of which has been to establish a high standard of refinement of both sexes, and an unusually independent order of thought and action between them, as is evidenced by the fact that the Woman's Temperance Crusade had its birth in the village, and has already breathed its infant breath throughout Christendom. Books have been written, voluminous reports have been made, and eloquent speeches have been uttered as to the minute details of the origin of the Woman's Temperance Crusade in Hillsboro, and most of them are true in statement and in fact; but nowhere has pen ventured a description of the band—the cohort, the troupe. No! rather the apparition of seventy women in sable black arrayed, and in settled line of march, moving as when first seen on the streets of Hillsboro.

"It was a dark, cloudy, cold, and still Decem-

ber day, no sun shining from above, no wind playing around, a little snow leisurely dropping down, and under the magic command of their own leaders, chosen on the instant at the hurried previous organization at the Presbyterian church, the procession moved with solemn steps, as if each woman had been trained for that day's work from the cradle.

'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,'

but the poetic mind instantly hummed the 'Ode of Charles Wolfe at the Burial of Sir John Moore.' Husbands saw their wives, sons and daughters their mothers, and neighbors their friends, moving along with the strange apparition, and knew not what it meant, until before some liquor saloon or hotel or drugstore, you could hear the singing of some familiar hymn warble through the air in tones of the most touching note; and then, solemn silence prevailing up and down street, the utterance of a soul-stirring prayer made by some lady, with all others kneeling around on curbstone or pavement or door-sill, could be heard ascending to the throne of God to avert the curse of intemperance.

"No crowd of shouting boys followed; no cliques of consulting men on the street corners were gathered; every countryman halted his team in awe; no vociferous angry words were

heard, and no officer commanded the peace—for it was death-like peace. Throughout the day, songs and prayers were heard at all places kept for the sale of liquors, and at night consultation was resumed at the church, from whence the "Phœnix-like body," springing from the ashes of the "funeral pyre" of woman's immolation, had emerged in the morning; and there, in making reports, prayer, and singing in spirit as never before, was sung on Christmas Eve:

> 'Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
> For those that here we see no more;'
> Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
> Ring in redress to all mankind.'

"They remained until the moon in the last quarter lighted their pathway to homes, whose inmates as spectators of the troupe when the first curtain was raised, stood around the hearthstones in as much wonder as if a company of celestial beings had on that day come down from the skies.

"Such is a dim outline of the first parade of the Woman's Temperance Crusade at Hillsboro; and well may it be said of the 'opening of the heavens' on that memorable day, that 'He who made a decree for the rain and a way for the lightning' will alone limit its effects on the nations of the earth."

II.

STORY OF THE "CRUSADE HYMN."

WHEN David, "the stripling," essayed to go out against the vaunting "Goliath of Gath," his only reason for so daring a feat was that the God of Israel had in the past enabled him to kill both a lion and a bear. "And David said to Saul, the king of Israel," (whose approval he must have), "the Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. . . . And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee."

Thus the inspiration of past experiences aided the earnest women in their new departure, and gave to their untrained leader fresh courage and faith, as she remembered how, in the "long ago," her heart had been taught to sing:

"Give to the winds thy fears."

Early in the winter of 1852, when our children numbered six, the eldest son away from home at school, and the youngest an infant of a few months, the scarlet fever became an epidemic in our town, and three of our dear children became victims to it.

About the same time a valued young woman,

who had been in the family for some years, was taken with quinsy, and was removed by her parents to their home, two miles in the country. Thus I was left with an infant, three children confined to their beds, and no assistance save a little colored girl about ten years of age, and a stable boy, who, by the way, knew everybody, and was able to serve us a good purpose in searching for needed help. In the evening, however, he returned after a fruitless quest, and reported: "Can't get nobody—all fear'd of dat 'zease." So I kept on, and provided for the various needs of my family as best I could, until my husband, who always had a very tender feeling for ladies who were oppressed with work (yet had no native tact to aid), devised a plan by which he might do me essential service. He mounted his horse, and started to the farm, three miles from town, trusting that the wife of the tenant might be induced to come to our rescue in such an emergency, as she had no children, and had once lived with us. But there was a stream to cross before reaching the farm, and it was frozén over. Regardless of the smooth shoes of his horse, he ventured, and lo! the noble horse fell, crushing the right leg of the rider. The sufferer was gently lifted by a stalwart farmer passing with his sled, laid upon the straw, the poor, limping

horse tied to the hinder part; and so he was safely, but painfully, brought to our door.

The sight and the history would have done for me what "the last pound" did for the camel's back, but for the gratitude that came welling up in my heart that my poor husband's limb was not broken, neither was our noble family horse killed!

With such addition to my cares, however, it can well be supposed, after nine days and nights of weary, sleepless nursing and toiling, with no change for the better, my heart and strength began to fail, and I reasoned thus with myself about midnight: I have tried since a child to love the Savior; I have denied myself, taken up my cross, and made an honest effort to follow him—and now I am deserted, and in the town of my nativity I am forsaken! Quick as thought the enemy said: "I'll tell you what to do: leave the Church; for you are a hypocrite if you keep your name there, feeling as you do."

I at once laid my sleeping infant in its cradle, determined to act promptly, and write a note to our Methodist minister. As I arose to do so, an inward voice seemed to say, "Open that hymn-book first;" and as I looked around, the old book of songs was taken from its place, and carelessly opened, without design or hope on my part, show-

ing that it was all of love and pity that John Wesley's hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears," was the one that first met my gaze, and caused the instant and complete transformation that followed. Taking a seat by the cradle, the emotions of my heart found utterance in the song of songs, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!" and forgetting that the poor patients might be aroused, one verse after another was sung, sweeter than ever before it seemed, until from the adjoining room my husband called out, "Eliza, what do you find to sing about?"

I said: "I am singing about our holy religion." He reached out his hands to me:

"Wife, I know you are an honest woman; now, tell me, do you find anything in your religion to comfort you—situated as you now are?"

I answered him honestly that I had never felt happier in my life! With a firm grasp of my hand, he said, emphatically: "Then I must seek it!"

Thus had the "Comforter" not only enabled me to "give to the winds my fears," but had taught my anxious heart to

> Leave to His sov'reign sway
> To choose and to command,"

in the work which had hitherto caused my greatest care. Can it be wondered that this

blessed hymn, with all its sacred influences, should come to my mind when we were about to step out upon an untried way, and venture across the line of public sentiment—all helpless, save in the strength which God supplies?

But this is not all. No one could be found who was willing, for "love or money," to risk the "plague" and do a day's washing; therefore an airy place had been prepared, our unwashed clothes had been assorted and disinfected, and we were trusting and waiting. Good Katharine had recovered, and had come as an angel of mercy to sit with the children and thus relieve me for other work.

The crisis of the disease had passed safely with our dear little ones, and our hearts were full of gratitude. The winter seemed gone, for "the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." New courage took possession of our souls, and although the last word of "kindly command" from my husband—recovered from his lameness, and on the way to county court—as he drove off was, "See that a bonfire is made of the soiled clothes, below the barn," other plans were in the head of the one who had put so many careful stitches into those little garments; therefore, "with malice toward none," as soon as he was out of sight, "John, the faithful," was quietly directed to make a fire in the laun-

dry furnace, and fill the boilers. Then, as poor, blind Samson cried to God for strength "this once," before taking hold of the pillars, so did I implore the evidence of strength before acting upon my own judgment.

Well, the answer of approval came, and by two o'clock my clothes-lines in the back lawn were filled with snowy garments and household linen, and I felt none the worse! While poor John, with few words but a fixed expression of amazement, put all things in order for me. A nice appetizing dinner was then prepared for the delicate part of the family, and a hearty one for the laborers. Surely, I could never doubt the promise: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

In all this I feared nothing so much as the criticism of my dear father, who came over each day to inquire for the sick and to care for our temporal wants—my good mother being quite unable to leave her room. As the dear old gentleman rode up, I cautioned the grown ones of the nursery to keep quiet; but his keen eye spied the large washing upon the lines, and at once congratulated me upon having found a laundress. The smiles that passed told the tale, and with a most reproving look at his only daughter, he said: "My child, I am surprised at you." But with a forgiving kiss, he only added: "It is

useless to ask you to take care of yourself." And surely he would have been confirmed in his opinion had he lived to witness the Crusade of 1873 and 1874; but his noble heart would have been with us.

III.

STORY OF SALOON VISITATION.

AT the time of the "new departure" on the part of the ladies of Hillsboro, there were four hotels, four drugstores, and thirteen saloons where intoxicating liquors could be obtained, there being little hindrance, save the conscientious scruples of individual cases!

When the "Praying Band," as it was called in ridicule, first started out upon its divinely-appointed mission, as the procession of somber-looking beings passed up High Street from the church where their first meeting of consecration had just been held, Dr. Dio Lewis was driven slowly by on his way from Colonel Trimble's home to Washington Court-house.

On the following morning, the 25th, many of the earnest women and quite a goodly number of zealous brethren assembled promptly at nine o'clock in the Presbyterian church to renew their consecration vows. After a season of fervent

prayer, song, and testimony, it was voted to respect a previous appointment for religious services in the Episcopal church—quite a number of our band being members of that Church, and their rector, Rev. John Ely, one of our loyal supporters. It was also thought wise to give to our families the attention due the established usage of Christmas-day. Therefore, after adjournment, an informal prayer-meeting was held, which strengthened the hearts of all greatly, and better prepared the women for the services of the following morning.

The cold, clear, crisp morning of the 26th dawned upon us with a sparkling snow upon the ground, but paths were shoveled and swept by new hands that morning, and, as we passed, heads were uncovered and earnest benedictions showered upon us by many a manly heart, which dared to be on the right side. The nine o'clock prayer-meeting was opened by Scripture reading, prayer, and song; earnest exhortations and words of hearty support and encouragement were offered by Dr. McSurely and others.

The Committee of Visitation, after singing a hymn, adjourned to meet at the same time and place the next morning; then, forming in procession, it visited hotels and saloons in the following order—quoting from minutes:

"Mrs. Thompson was appointed to present

appeal at hotels and saloons." "The first call was made at the Uhrig saloon, on East High Street. There we were met by smooth words and fair promises, but no signatures." "Kramer House proprietor—*not at home.*" "Ellicott House—the polite landlord said he did hope we would succeed, but could not close his bar unless the others would." "The kind proprietor of the Woodrow House half agreed to give up the miserable business, and said he certainly would if the other hotels of the town would close up."

It was quite evident to the minds of the ladies that the question with these gentlemen turned upon the pivot of popularity and financial success, and not upon any innate love of the curse, for the fact was too apparent that the effects of liquor-drinking had proven the hardest part of a landlord's office.

Fortified with hope in the evident unrest of these men, who were building upon sandy foundations—their hope of gain—our next call was at the saloon of John Bales. He was cool and polite, treated the subject-matter of our visit in a purely business way, proposed selling out his entire stock, billiard tables and all, at two-thirds of invoiced value, and *sell no more liquor!* As this was quite out of the line of our warfare against spiritual wickedness in high places, we turned our faces towards the first-class saloon

(as it was called) kept by Robert Ward, on High Street, a resort made famous by deeds, the memory of which nerved the heart and paled the cheek of some among us, as the seventy entered the open door of the "witty Englishman" (as his patrons were wont to call the popular Ward). Doubtless he had learned of our approach, as he not only propped the heavy door open, but with the most perfect suavity of manner held it until the ladies all passed in; then, closing it, walked to his accustomed stand behind the bar.

Seizing the strange opportunity, the leader addressed him as follows: "Well, Mr. Ward, this must seem to you a strange audience! I suppose, however, that you understand the object of our visit?" "Robert" by this time began to perspire freely, and remarked that he would like to have a talk with Dio Lewis. Mrs. Thompson said: "Dr. Lewis has nothing whatever to do with the subject of our mission. As you look upon some of the faces before you, and observe the marks of sorrow, caused by the unholy business that you ply, you will find that it is no wonder we are here. We have come, however, not to threaten, not even to upbraid, but in the name of our Divine Friend and Savior, and in his spirit, to forgive, and to commend you to his pardon, if you will but agree to abandon a busi-

ness that is so damaging to our hearts and to the peace of our homes!"

The hesitation and embarrassment of the famous saloon-keeper seemed to afford (as the leader thought) an opportunity for prayer; so, casting her eye around upon that never-to-be-forgotten group of earnest faces, she said, *very softly:* "Let us pray." Instantly all, even the poor liquor-seller himself, were upon their knees, Mrs. McSurely, wife of the Presbyterian minister. was asked by Mrs. Thompson to lead in prayer, but she declined. The spirit of utterance then came upon the latter, and, as a seal of God's approval upon the self-sacrificing work there inaugurated, the Holy Spirit touched all hearts. As we arose from our knees, dear Mrs. Doggett (now in heaven) broke forth in her sweet, pathetic notes, and all joined with her in singing:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

The scene that followed, in a most remarkable manner portrayed the spirit of our holy religion. Poor wives and mothers, who the day before would have crossed the street to avoid passing by a place so identified with their heartaches, their woes, and their deepest humiliation, in

tearful pathos were now pleading with this deluded brother to accept the world's Redeemer as his own. Surely, "God is Love!"

Shortly after the ladies retired from this their first saloon prayer-meeting, a message from Dr. Lewis, at Washington Court-house, was received by Colonel William H. Trimble to this effect: "The women over here are terribly in earnest." As the report of union in this strange work first greeted our ears and strengthened our hearts, "Praise ye the Lord" seemed more and more a fitting prelude to our "Magna Charta"—the 146th Psalm—and we entered upon the Saturday morning prayer service with renewed faith and courage.

Dr. Mathews, president of the Hillsboro Female College, the renowned and venerated educator of woman in our community for so many years, presided over the meeting, and spoke to our hearts such words of earnest commendation and sympathy that the "doubting ones" could but have been convinced as was Thomas of old.

William H. H. Dunn, the druggist, who was not at his place of business on the morning of the visit by the "band of ladies," sent in his reply to their "appeal." It read as follows:

"LADIES,—In compliance with my agreement I give you this promise, that I will carry on my business in the future

as I have in the past; that is to say, that in the sale of intoxicating liquors I will comply with the law, nor will I sell to any person whose father, mother, wife, or daughter send me a written request not to make such sale."

There was some discussion as to whether Mr. Dunn's pledge should be received as satisfactory. Remarks were made by the gentlemen as well as the ladies, but it was soon apparent that there were mothers in that audience who could never vote to have "his business" carried on "in the future as in the past." Action was therefore deferred.

Next in order came a message from Mr. Bennet, the master of the Hillsboro Grange: "Say to the ladies for me, *God bless them;* and, poor man that I am, I will back them with fifty dollars if it is needed."

It was resolved at this Saturday morning meeting to hold a mass temperance-meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday evening, December 28th, and a committee of three ministers—Rev. Dr. McSurely, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Mr. Cowden, of the Methodist; and Rev. John Ely, of the Episcopal Church—were chosen to take charge of said meeting, inviting both ladies and gentlemen to speak. Rev. Mr. Ely was also requested to invite Father Donahue, of the Catholic Church, and his temperance society, to join us in our work.

After uniting in a fervent prayer and singing part of a favorite hymn, the committee adjourned to meet on Monday morning, at the same time and place. Procession then formed, and visits were made at two hotels and three saloons. One of the saloon-keepers expressed a great desire to *get out of the business*. With this encouraging prospect we ended the first week of the "Crusade" in Hillsboro.

IV.

HILLSBORO CRUSADE SKETCHES.

DECEMBER 27, 1873, we find recorded on the minutes of our "Woman's Temperance League," the first desire expressed on the part of a liquor-dealer of Hillsboro "to quit the business." In a few days after that, two others manifested a willingness to *be relieved!* The ways and means were under consideration, and well-chosen committees were quietly intrusted with the cases.

In the meantime, the morning prayer-meetings were continued with increasing interest. The daily visitations of the band, now numbering over eighty, to "all places where liquors were sold and drunk on the premises" were faithfully kept up. The mass-meeting in Music Hall, or

in the Methodist Episcopal church, several evenings of each week, were always well attended and of great interest to the public, as reports were made there by the zealous workers of incidents "along the weary way," and the speeches, prayers, and songs were of that enthusiastic order peculiar to the times.

January 3d, the morning prayer service was of a most impressive nature. The committee which had been appointed to present the "Physician's Pledge," Mrs. McSurely, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Mrs. Jessie K. Pickering, Mrs. James Patterson, Mrs. William Barry, reported as follows: "Found the County Medical Convention in session; were presented to the Convention and politely received." The object of the visit being made known, the physicians there present signed an approved physician's pledge to the number of seventeen of Highland County's best-known physicians.

This was received with thanksgiving, as those intrusted with the care of families know too well the fearful risk of intoxicating prescriptions from the family doctor, not to appreciate the value of such a victory.

When the hour for business had passed, and the usual visiting ordeal was in order, the ladies were most agreeably surprised by the announcement that they would be expected to call upon

Colonel Cook to express their thanks that he had closed the bar of the "Ellicott House." After singing, with an unusual amount of zeal, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," the procession formed, and at once proceeded to make this visit. The ladies were politely met by the genial landlord and his kindly wife, and ushered into the spacious parlor of this old and popular hotel.

During the conversation that followed, the colonel complained that the temperance public had not stood by him, when, on a former occasion, he had closed his bar, but patronized hotels where liquors were sold.

The leader of the band, feeling the embarrassment of the situation, proposed that all should unite in prayer that the temperance people "stand by their colors," and with heart and soul sustain their brother in his effort for the right. It was most natural that an earnest petition should be added for the proprietor, who was bravely facing the losses as well as the crosses of the situation. Blessings from full hearts were invoked upon the colonel, his wife, and his house, and as that honest prayer was ended, all joined in a sweet song of thanksgiving, and parted with the most cordial good feeling.

The Visiting Committee proceeded to call upon the other hotels that morning, to secure, if possible, the consent of the proprietors to close their

bars on the approaching stock-sale day. Saloons were also appealed to upon the subject. Some consented; others promised to *be very careful* in their sales! Our secretary furnished the following facts after the sale-day was over:

"The result of the day's work was most satisfactory. There was less drunkenness on the streets than had ever before been known on a stock-sale day; indeed, almost *none at all!*"

Some matters of business were looked into pertaining to the charitable feature of our work. Then it was determined to appoint a committee of three ladies to report to Mr. Dunn that the Woman's Temperance Association could not conscientiously agree to his last proposed "druggist's pledge;" but instructions were given to this committee of Christian ladies—Mrs. Judge Evans, Mrs. Pickering, and Mrs. Nelson—to convey to Mr. Dunn the good wishes of our Society, with the sincere desire that he would agree to the uniform druggist pledge, and thus remove one of the greatest stumbling-blocks out of the way of our success in this community.

The band, after singing most feelingly the hymn so expressive of their convictions that morning,—

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me,"—

took up with renewed courage the sacred cross, and proceeded to their work of visitation.

Passing along Main Street, west of High, on that cold, snowy January morning, a sign, hitherto unobserved by the band, appeared in view. It read, "The Lava Bed;" it was in the basement of a large business house; the proprietor's name was Joseph Lance. It only required a moment's reflection, and, led by the regular officers of the band, they descended the steep, snowy, stone steps to hold a prayer and song service on the sawdust floor of that low-down saloon! It was literally a low-down saloon, but the women recognized the fact that Joe Lance had a soul to be saved from the woe of making his neighbor drunken; so they felt constrained to give him their prayers and songs, their Scripture readings and their persuasion, just as they had given them to those nearer the light of heaven, who were engaged in the same business. The poor fellow was taken by surprise, but was kind and respectful, and after the ladies left had "strange thoughts," as he afterwards confessed.

Reports were now coming in from many quarters of the wonderful success of this "woman's movement," as it was called, and many who had been faithless were now saying: "It must be of God!" Messages from our association to Wilmington, New Vienna, Greenfield, and other

places, were sent, and from them to us in return, until it really did seem that a chain of love for God and humanity was about to bind the hearts of Christians together for royal service for the Master! And although after twenty years we may well sing:

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet, in his own way,
The Lord will provide"—

as,

"Bands of ribbon white,
Around the world!"

do witness.

V.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the "Woman's Temperance Movement" was the rapidity with which the fire of enthusiasm spread; and another was the spirit of zeal and self-abnegation that seemed to take possession of the best and most useful women in communities touched by this fire. We learn from recorded history that "in less than two weeks from the time it was inaugurated at Hillsboro three or four counties in Southern Ohio were taken by storm!"

A reporter of the Cincinnati *Commercial* says (January, 1874): "The excitement pervading the

entire community over the 'Woman's Temperance Movement' exceeds anything we have witnessed in Hillsboro during a residence of twenty years. And yet, on the part of the women engaged in it—despite old prejudices and present discouragements—a spirit of courageous faith and earnest prayer, added to a most forgiving disposition towards those whose business they especially antagonized, seems to characterize the movement wherever developed."

On the morning of January 12th, our early services were conducted by Dr. McSurely in the Presbyterian church, and his words and faithful Bible readings (always good) were so fitly spoken that they were indeed "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Business of much interest followed. First, General McDowell said he had been requested to state to the meeting that the hotel-keepers wished a committee of gentlemen to be sent to confer with them in regard to "this movement," and to receive their proposals. It was "moved and carried" that the ladies vote on this request, and the request was granted.

The following gentlemen—Mr. F. I. Bumgarner, Mr. J. M. Boyd, General J. J. McDowell, Mr. M. T. Nelson, and Mr. Samuel E. Hibben—were appointed to wait upon the hotel-keepers as a committee of conference. The men in charge of aiding the business houses who wished

to reship their liquors to Cincinnati reported the readiness of two firms to accept terms and quit the business. The ladies, true to their promise, signified their intention of meeting at an appointed time for the purchase of candies, glasses, beer-mugs, etc., and thus aid the parties to start in a more desirable occupation.

A message was sent in by one or two of the hotel-keepers, through Mr. Samuel E. Hibben, requesting that the following ladies be added to the committee of gentlemen appointed to confer with them: Mesdames Colonel Trimble, William Scott, Jessie K. Pickering, Judge Evans, and E. J. Thompson. The society indorsed the request. A message announcing the pleasant news that our Washington Court-house friends would be with us that evening was received with evidences of delight.

A committee was also appointed to invite town, county, and United States officers to attend the meetings of the Woman's Temperance Association. Meeting adjourned with the benediction. and the ladies formed in procession and made several visits to saloons, inviting all to come out and hear from our Washington Court-house friends.

The mass-meeting in the evening was large and enthusiastic, with addresses by "Mr. Morehouse, the superintendent of schools, and Mr.

Dean, teacher of high school" of that place. They gave accounts of the work there to the delight of all interested, although many of us felt heavy about the heart because of the "stones" that were not yet "rolled away" in our community.

An unusually large number of men and women assembled in the Presbyterian church at an early hour on the morning of the 13th of January, 1874. The regular order of business was set aside that the audience might hear from the visitors from Washington Court-house—that fortunate little city whose "liquor-sellers" all gave up to the prayers and entreaties of the good women, two of whom, Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Pruddy, gave us some words of encouragement. After adjournment, the ladies of the band went out for "visitations," found some doors *closed*, and our dealers *hard* and *unrelenting*, because they were fortified against the "Washington Court-house women," whom they expected with us! The men's prayer-meeting continued in session at the church, and the bell was rung at the end of every prayer.

About this time there was much feeling with regard to Mr. Dunn's course toward the ladies and their reasonable wishes. Without consulting them, our highly-esteemed friend, Rev. J. McD. Mathews, aided by the man whom all

society delighted to honor, Mr. Samuel E. Hibben, decided to secure the names of prominent business and professional men of the community to a personal appeal, and present it to Mr. Dunn. Over two hundred names were secured, and in the most kindly manner these two good men presented an appeal, and received from his attorneys his reply.

VI.

IT must "needs be" that much of interest is passed over in silence as we attempt a report of Crusade incidents. So varied and unique were the duties and thrilling occurrences of each day that of "making many books there would be no end," if all were told.

The following appeal, signed by about two hundred male citizens, had been presented to Mr. Dunn, the druggist, at the request of the temperance people, by a committee consisting of Rev. J. McD. Mathews and Mr. S. E. Hibben:

APPEAL.

MR. W. H. H. DUNN:

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned citizens and business men of Hillsboro, would respectfully and kindly ask you to sign the "Women's Temperance Druggist's Pledge." We appeal to you as interested with us in the good name and prosperity of our town, and in view of

the fact that some of our saloon-keepers are trying to make you their covering. We address you in no spirit of coercion, but as your neighbors and friends, who would have you with us in this temperance movement.

Should you decide to adopt the course here suggested, you will entitle yourself to our gratitude, as well as subserve, in our judgment, your own interests.

The subjoined reply was received at the hands of Mr. Dunn's attorneys:

MR. DUNN'S REPLY.

To Hon. Samuel E. Hibben and Rev. J. McD. Mathews:

Gentlemen,—Mr. W. H. H. Dunn, our client, to whom you presented a petition, signed by certain citizens of Hillsboro, requesting him to sign the "Women's Temperance Druggist's Pledge," bids us answer thus:

He is unable to see any difference between the request made in the petition referred to and the request originally presented by the ladies. He saw fit to refuse such request then, and sees no reason now to change his mind.

The "movement" forced him into the courts, and consequently placed him in direct antagonism with the temperance people connected with such "movement."

Until such a request as the one referred to is accompanied by proper concessions to him on the part of such temperance people, he can scarcely honor it with respectful or serious attention.

We beg leave to subscribe ourselves, very respectfully yours,

Beeson & Sloane,
Collins & Parker.

It was a very singular pleasure that our band enjoyed on the morning of the 17th of January,

1874, to pass out of the church in a body, after the morning services were concluded, singing (in our hearts) that old gospel hymn,—

> "Help us to help each other, Lord,
> Each other's cross to bear;
> Let each his friendly aid afford,
> And feel his brother's care,"—

then to go where we believed a man was *honestly* making an effort to get out of a business so fraught with disastrous results to all concerned. When we arrived at the "Bank Saloon," we found our committee of temperance men finishing their part of the work of reshipments. They kindly proffered their aid, *and the auction commenced*, which resulted in each woman possessing a *trophy*, and Mr. Koch a full purse and an empty house, ready for (as we had hoped and prayed) a successful shoe-trade, as that was his original business. The pledge was presented to Mr. Koch, and from our minutes it seems he signed it with the added clause, "never to engage *in the business* in Hillsboro, Highland County, Ohio."

The women of the Association were most pleasantly surprised, at the evening meeting in the Presbyterian Church, to find themselves presented with two large and beautifully illuminated text-cards from Captain Amen, one to be

hung in the Presbyterian Church, and the other in the Methodist. The texts were,

"In union there is strength."
"God's work pays sure wages."

It was moved (and seconded by Dr. Fullerton) and carried, that Dr. Fullerton be requested to frame these mottoes at his own expense. It was no sooner said than done, and those embellished cards, with their inspiring texts, and the kindly thought on the path of our "weary way," gave the band much good cheer.

One morning about this time, as our ladies were engaged in a song and prayer service in one of the saloons, a message was received from our friend of the "Lava Bed," who had not been forgotten or neglected. A conference was soon arranged with a committee of ladies, and Mr. Lance made known his situation and his wishes. Plans were immediately formed for the poor fellow's relief from the heavy penalties resting upon him, and Joseph found himself a free man, selling fresh fish from a fine business stand, giving strength, not "muddle," to human brains, and peace to his own conscience.

It is needless to say that "fish, fresh fish," became the popular dish in the homes of the Crusaders (as they were beginning to be called),

and our new "importer" for a time did a flourishing business.

Mr. Wm. Swartz, of the Jefferson House, now demanded attention. He was only a temporary actor in the saloon connected with the hotel, the property belonging to his widowed sister, Mrs. Liber. Mr. Swartz and his wife had tastes differing from that sort of life; hence it was not a very difficult task to persuade them to withdraw from it. Terms were agreed upon, and after the reshipment of liquors to Cincinnati, and the auction of beer-mugs, etc., Mr. Swartz found himself behind the counter of a flourishing grocery, and his little family enjoying the peace of an honest home without the "trail of the serpent."

News still reaching us of other localities coming under the influence of this marvelous "baptism of the Spirit," our hearts were being enlarged for further service, and communications of cordial sympathy were now of frequent occurrence.

VII.

THE DRUGSTORE-DAY.

SATURDAY morning, January 24, 1874, was a morning long to be remembered. After devotional services of more than usual interest and power, the women of the band, numbering

about eighty, sallied forth from the dear old church that witnessed their first consecration, to encounter the piercing blasts of nature's cold, but more to feel the sting of malicious persecution, and witness the frowns of former friends, as they gathered in front of the "Palace Drug-store" for an all-day service of prayer and song.

It may be well to give our readers an idea of this day's work from an outsider's impression of it, as given in an organ of the Baptist Church, the *Watchman and Reflector*, of Boston. The editor prefaces the narrative by saying:

"If any think this is a work to be sneered at, let them read the following report of the efforts in Hillsboro, O., where the work began with a lecture by Dr. Lewis, on December 23, 1873. We confess we did not read it with dry eyes:

"Turning the corner on last Saturday afternoon, I came unexpectedly upon some fifty women kneeling on the pavement and stone steps before a store. . . . A daughter of a former governor of Ohio was leading in prayer. Surrounding her were the mothers, wives, and daughters of former congressmen and legislators, of lawyers, physicians, bankers, ministers, leading men of all kinds. . . . There were gathered here representatives from nearly every household of the town. The day was bitterly cold; a cutting north wind swept the streets, piercing us all to the bone. The plaintive, tender, earnest tones of that wife and mother who was pleading in prayer, arose on the blast, and were carried to every heart within reach. Passers-by uncovered their heads,

for the place whereon they trod was 'holy ground.' The eyes of hardened men filled with tears, and many turned away, saying that they could not bear to look upon such a sight. Then the voice of prayer was hushed; the women arose and began to sing, softly, a sweet hymn with some old, familiar words and tune, such as our mothers sang to us in childhood days. We thought, Can mortal man resist such efforts? Then they knelt, and once more the earnest tones of prayer were borne upon the breeze. So, from ten o'clock in the morning to four in the afternoon, the work went on, the ladies relieving each other by relays.

"Close by was the residence of Hon. John A. Smith, our former congressman, and now delegate to the Congressional Convention. His noble, warm-hearted wife, one of the band, provided a bounteous lunch, to which the workers resorted for rest and refreshment, then returned to kneel and pray. The effect upon the spectators was indescribable. No sneer was heard, scarcely a light word was spoken. The spirit of devotion was abroad; those who would scorn to pray themselves, yet felt that here was something which they must, at least, respect. Many a 'God bless them!' fell from lips accustomed to use the name of Deity only in blasphemy. There was not a man who saw them kneeling there, but felt that if he was entering heaven's gate, and one of these women were to approach, he would stand aside and let her enter first.

"The end is not yet; the hearts of these women daily grow stouter, their faith brighter, and their prayers more earnest. A thoroughly Christian spirit pervades the community, and the feeling is one of yearning love and pity for those who stand out against their duty to their fellow-men."

A large and enthusiastic "mass temperance-meeting" was held in Music Hall on that Saturday evening, addressed by Rev. A. C. Hirst, of Washington Court-house. Subscriptions were then received to the Guarantee Fund, raising the amount to $12,000. The total-abstinence pledge was circulated (as was our habit at all public meetings), and many signatures obtained.

As the women retired from Music Hall that evening, in their hearts came welling up, "One more day's work for Jesus;" then the blessed promise, "They that suffer with me shall reign with me."

VIII.

AFTER the all-day services of the band in front of the Palace Drugstore on that memorable Saturday, the hospitable and refreshing luncheon at the home of our friends, Hon. and Mrs. John A. Smith, the eloquent address of Rev. A. C. Hirst in the evening at Music Hall, and a restful Sunday and spiritual upbuilding, the Monday morning meeting, January 26th, opened with new interest, and messages of fresh victories were received from many points.

Reports also came of the cruel and unmanly treatment the New Vienna women were receiving at the hands of Van Pelt, the notorious sa-

loonist. Words of earnest sympathy were sent them from our association, and our hearts were full of gratitude that we were spared such indignities; and yet the stubborn resistance of some with whom we had been pleading so prayerfully, was, we thought, harder to bear than a shower of sour beer and threats of violence! But God, who alone can "temper the winds to the shorn lamb," knew that the fathers, husbands, brothers of Hillsboro could not have ruled their spirits as did the quiet representatives of William Penn at New Vienna, leaving the combat with "God and the women."

Calls from the towns and hamlets of our own and adjoining counties came almost daily for help in their work, and willing hearts were always ready to respond. Indeed, the enthusiasm was so high that our liverymen caught the infection, many times furnishing carriages, horses, and drivers for these rural missionary excursions.

About this time, January 28th, news came of Springfield, Ohio, falling into line. Mother Stewart, that grand, earnest woman, whom the "Boys in Blue," with their tears of gratitude, had christened "mother," for many years had toiled for "God and humanity" in the temperance field, gaining cases under the Adair Law, and pleading for poor, oppressed women and children, who, because of the curse in the cup,

were cold and starving,—she now laid hold of the "spiritual lever" presented in the new method, although it was not thought a work adapted to cities. But of her success and her many fields of labor on this and on the other side of the sea, let her own book, "Memories of the Crusade," tell more at length than a local sketch permits.

The early prayer-meeting on the morning of the 26th was led by Rev. S. D. Clayton. Many interesting incidents of the work in Wilmington and other places were related by him, who was always an inspiration to us. There being no other business of importance after the devotional hour, the ladies in private session determined to spend the day in visitations upon the few remaining places that were selling liquors without restraint.

While the band was engaged in the usual services in front of the unrelenting druggist's, a man from the country, a farmer, strolled along the street, and when the voice of song arrested his attention, he stopped, and leaned against the wall of a building adjoining the one before which the ladies were grouped. When the song so familiar to his ears (for he had heard it in his boyhood home) died away, and the women kneeled, he removed his hat, folded his arms, and reverently listened. When they arose from prayer, and again com-

menced a low, sweet hymn, he rushed across the street, and, meeting an old friend, grasped his hand, saying: "I have taken my last drink! I never felt before what a wrong the cursed habit was to poor women."

That friend, a most reliable Christian gentleman, told me the incident several years since, and added: "That man had been a tippler from his youth, and for years past rarely came to town and left sober; but since that day he has been a total abstainer." He is now over eighty, a kind, good man. His wife and family are happy, and he never fails to bless the "Praying Band." Thus, while this "whirlwind of the Lord" was "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness," it was to many "the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Many such incidents could be related, to offset the ridicule heaped upon the self-sacrificing women of those trying days; but God will "avenge his own elect, who cry unto him day and night, though he bear long" with their oppressors!

On Saturday morning, January 31st, after the usual devotional services in the Presbyterian Church, the members of the Association, having been notified not to have singing and prayer at the door or on the steps and pavement in front of Mr. Dunn's drugstore, there was some dis-

cussion as to the best course of action. It was finally decided that the ladies should go out as usual visiting other places first. A committee of three was then appointed to request permission from the mayor to have a tent erected in the street in front of Mr. Dunn's store, outside the curbing. This committee was Mesdames William Trimble, John A. Smith, William Scott. A committee of gentlemen was then appointed to erect the said tent. The committee was Messrs. Jacob Sayler, F. Shepherd, J. S. Black, Allen Cooper, Pangburn, Roe, Duffey.

Permission having been obtained, the committee proceeded to erect the tabernacle; and later in the day, the band, having completed other work, took possession, and remained during the afternoon, for devotional services. Mrs. D. K. Fenner, our secretary (and she was a dignified Episcopalian), records in her minutes: "Few that were present will ever forget that scene, or the feelings of holy courage and faith that animated each heart."

Mr. Dunn now determined to call the law to his aid, securing the services of the lawyer who had antagonized the Washington Court-house ladies in the "Charlie Beck" case. Judge Safford, whose term on the bench had nearly expired, and whose sympathies were far from being with the temperance women (or men), was appealed to by

William H. H. Dunn and his lawyer for a temporary injunction. It was granted, and the notice served upon the chairman of the Tabernacle Committee, Mr. Sayler. In the dead hour of the night the structure was taken down by our law-abiding brethren of the committee, and when Sunday dawned not a trace of the tent remained.

But what did the God of Jacob say to the women who were trusting in him? Even as he had, through the Spirit's guidance, shown in the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm to them in the beginning of their mission, so now, words of reassurance came to the heart of their leader through the first chapter of Nahum, beginning with the seventh verse: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him. But with an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies." The entire chapter was applied with great comfort and strong faith, even to the last verse: "Keep thy solemn feasts, perform thy vows."

On the Monday morning following, February 2d, by previous appointment, the Association met in the Presbyterian Church for devotional services. A mass-meeting for the following Saturday was determined upon, invitations to be sent to our friends throughout the county, and a special one, with our heartfelt congratulations, to the

faithful sisters of New Vienna, and Rev. D. Hill, of the Friends' Church, was invited to speak at the hall in the afternoon, with a request that he should bring Van Pelt with him, if it was really true (as we had heard) that he had not only given up the "evil of his doings," but had taken upon himself allegiance to the cause of temperance and humanity. But so grievous had been his persecutions of the temperance women that, as with the disciples of old, Saul "was feared," until he proved that "the scales had fallen from his eyes."

IX.

THE ladies of the Temperance Association of Hillsboro had very little to do with the legal proceedings connected with the injunction granted by Judge Safford against the Association, "restraining them from praying and singing around, before, or anywhere in the vicinity of Mr. William H. H. Dunn's drugstore." 'T is true quite a number of matrons (about thirty) assembled at the residence of the secretary, Mrs. Dean K. Fenner, by request of their lawyers, Messrs. Harrion, Williams, and Thompson, for conversation upon the subject in litigation. Mr. Thompson a day or two later met the members

of the Association in the lecture-room of the Methodist Episcopal church and read to them the affidavit, which they signed and swore to in the presence of 'Squire Doggett.

When the day arrived for the hearing of the case the "lady defendants," to the number of about one hundred—our band had increased during these days of persecution—formed in procession, after an early prayer-meeting at the Methodist Episcopal church, and marched down High Street to the court-house. We were received courteously and seated, although the court-room was densely packed. The greatest interest was manifested in the extraordinary proceedings, and temperance sentiment was created, even more rapidly by our court-house experiences than by our saloon visitations; so the world said.

The case was argued for four days, with great skill and much feeling on both sides, during which the most intense interest was shown by the people from the rural districts as well as by our own citizens. Finally, the case was concluded, and Judge Steel gave his decision. "The temporary injunction was dissolved, but only on a technicality, and not on the merits of the case." Both parties were disappointed, and throughout the State there was much feeling evinced on the part of temperance advocates because of the fact that

this decision gave to many localities an assurance of the law on the liquor side, so that efforts were made in many towns in Ohio, where the movement was in progress, to put a check upon it in the same way. But, thank the good Father of all our mercies, the courts were generally in sympathy with the ladies. Judge after judge was appealed to in vain. In Morrow serious hindrance was suffered on the part of the temperance people because of the restraining orders of courts; but through the decision of Judge Smith, of Lebanon, all honor to his name, the women triumphed in the only injunction case of the Crusade that was decided on its merits. Without entering into the arguments upon which his decision was based, let it be remembered that the pivot upon which all arguments turned with that good, wise, common-sense judge was that "the plaintiff had no right to ask legal protection for a manifestly illegal business."

Soon after the new experiences of the legal proceedings were over (as we supposed), it was thought best by the women of the Association to make some changes in the usual order of things. After some discussion as to time and place of holding the future meetings of the Association, it was unanimously agreed that this whole subject should be referred to the Executive Committee of ladies and the ministers of the several

Churches; hence a called meeting for the purpose was appointed.

During the next week this meeting was held, and the following plans agreed upon: First, the morning meetings were dispensed with for one week, as an experiment, the afternoon meetings and the visitations substituting them. Evening union temperance services in the Presbyterian church on Monday, in the Baptist church on Tuesday, and in the Methodist Episcopal church on Thursday evening of each week were decided upon. All-day prayer-meetings were held in the churches occasionally. These services proved to be of great interest and profit to the many who attended them. Testimonies full of vital importance were given by not only workers at these meetings, but by many men as well as women, who had been spiritually benefited by this "Temperance Pentecost."

A very great effort was made by a committee, appointed for the purpose, to secure good and reliable speakers for our evening meetings. Several invitations were sent abroad to earnest workers in the State, such as Mrs. Wells, Dr. Staunton, and others; but so great was the demand upon them that we were disappointed. Then we turned to some among ourselves, whose constant occupation in the field of labor assigned them by Providence had prevented their joining

in the daily round of Crusade services for which they felt the most earnest sympathy: pre-eminently among these was Miss Emily Grand Gerard, a native French lady, but one who had been educated by our own Dr. Mathews and was in full and hearty accord with "every good word and work." She was principal of the Presbyterian Institute for Young Ladies, and her friends were legion in all Churches and circles, yet her modesty was only equaled by her ability. She accepted an invitation to address an evening union temperance service in the Presbyterian church, and chose as her subject "The Crusader." After delineating the Crusaders of olden times in a most attractive manner, she brought to bear the glorious privilege of the modern Crusader in such bold relief that all felt the power of her words, and gave hearty assent as she exclaimed: "Nor do they throw themselves in the breach unguarded and unarmed. No valiant Crusader ever went forth to battle clad in such a panoply as they wear. Our modern Crusader—for we accept the name given in derision, and will make it as significant of good as other titles bestowed in the same spirit, Methodist, Huguenot, etc.—is furnished with weapons from the armory of heaven (Ephesians vi, 10, 11); and with such equipments who would dare be discouraged!"

The entire address of this gifted Christian lady was a benediction to the faithful band of workers, and from that evening they assumed the appellation of "Crusaders," counting it a high privilege to suffer persecution in a cause so glorious.

"Remember Lot's wife" is also one of Hillsboro's mottoes, and the weekly meeting all the way along since 1873, held by the temperance women, proves that the live coal of the Crusade is still burning upon the altar.

About the 20th of March, 1874, the members of our Association, realizing the near approach of house-cleaning and other busy days for housekeepers, determined to call a meeting of the Executive Committee for consultation, and on April 23d the following ladies met in the home of Mrs. John A. Smith: Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. J. A. Smith, Mrs. Glascock, Mrs. R. S. Evans, Mrs. Cowden, Mrs. Foraker, Mrs. D. K. Fenner, and Mrs. Thompson. The consultation resulted in returning to the morning meetings and other work. The entire number of members who were in the spirit of "willing workers," were to be divided into four equal parts, to be known as bands A, B, C, and D, each band to have a leader and assistant leader, to be elected monthly. These leaders and assistants were also to be members of the Executive

Committee. Thus, while some were at work in their respective homes, the visitations upon the few remaining open saloons and bars were prayerfully looked after. Grand evening meetings were held in the different churches, and the interest seemed unabated.

X.

WHEN the 7th of February—the day, by previous appointment, for the "all-day mass-meeting"—came around, a heavy snow covered the ground, and still descended in noiseless flakes of purity and beauty. About nine o'clock A. M. the friends from various parts of the county could be seen, all covered white as the cause they represented, making their way to the old Presbyterian Church, where our Committee of Reception, and also a committee of the men *on horses*, met them; the former conducted the visitors into the morning meeting, and the latter the horses and sleighs to the comfortable quarters provided. A little later the New Vienna delegation came in a huge sled, all seated, robed, and drawn by horses, such as only the humane Friends indulge in.

When those dear, brave, good women, with their Friendly bonnets and modest mien, came

walking into that consecrated church with their minister, Rev. D. Hill, and their conquered foe, Van Pelt, the whole audience with one accord arose and joined heartily in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" A most inspiring service followed, of song, prayer, and testimony, until the hour for lunch—hot coffee, and plenty of everything good—thanks to the efficient committee of ladies, whose names I find recorded in the minutes as follows: Mesdames M. T. Nelson, Judge Evans, J. M. Boyd, John Jolly, Judge Mathews, James Patterson, Thomas Miller, Miss Maria Stewart, Miss Lizzie Kerby, Miss Rachel Counard.

At half-past one o'clock the procession formed and marched to Music Hall, the women two and two, the men following. The order of the procession was for the Hillsboro workers, each one to choose, as far as possible, a visitor as marching companion. The entire picture was imposing, and awed the most rebellious and critical into silence that was almost oppressive, as we marched quietly through a phalanx of wondering eyes.

The meeting at the hall was a rare one. Fine music from the soul, an earnest, sensible address by Rev. D. Hill, followed by the famous ex-saloon keeper, Van Pelt, who, in a humble, feeling manner, to all human appearances, gave

reason for faith in his changed condition. His contrition seemed heartfelt, and his alleged allegiance to the cause he had so grossly persecuted, hearty and real. After his talk, there was much feeling, and some one started that blessed hymn,

"Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe."

Then General McDowell, our right-hand champion on all occasions of a public nature, spoke most effectively, and was followed by Dr. P. H. Wever, whose mind seemed to take in the far-reaching results of Van Pelt's surrender, and in facts and figures demonstrated it in a clear and impressive manner. The audience was then dismissed, and, after hand-shakings and benediction, all returned to their homes, strong in the faith of final victory.

In view of the injunction of Mr. Dunn, it was decided by our Association that we would go on with our temperance work in the churches, halls, and visitations, in our charity work, children's meetings, distribution of temperance literature, canvassing for signatures to the total abstinence pledge, etc., just as we had been doing, save that Mr. Dunn should be left undisturbed with his lawyers until after court. In the meantime our "counsel" had been secured, and we felt at ease, having "done what we could," and

resting upon the assurance "if God be for us, who can be against us?" No malice or ill-will was indulged in on the part of temperance women, as the following resolutions, adopted at an evening meeting, February 20th, testify:

"WHEREAS, We, the women of the Hillsboro Temperance Association, are greatly encouraged in our work, God having graciously manifested that he is still leading us on,—

"*Resolved*, That, while as a body we continue our work with renewed vigor, strong in faith, the principle of love and charity shall ever govern us.

"*Resolved*, That while our hearts overflow with gratitude to God that we may be instruments in his hands, we, as an Association utterly discard any expressions of triumph and exultation, and will at any time steadfastly rebuke any spirit of ridicule or unkindness which may be manifested at any of our meetings."

These resolutions were offered by Mrs. W. Doggett, one of our lovely spirits now in heaven, and were heartily indorsed by the entire Society. Mrs. Thompson, as recorded in the minutes, then offered the following resolution, which, after the lapse of nearly twenty years, she reindorses:

"*Resolved*, That we ladies here present express our thanks for the wise and prudent counsels of the gentlemen, and their generous conduct towards us in our temperance work."

Persistent, earnest effort had been going on in the way of visitations, prayer, song, and persua-

sions, in connection with the three remaining saloons—Ward, Bales, and Uhrig. To all human appearances these men seemed "joined to their idols," and yet we did not feel at liberty to "let them alone." So one icy morning a service was held on the pavement in front of the Uhrig saloon. Some of the good, thoughtful ladies of the neighborhood sent door-rugs for the comfort of the women in kneeling, and Mrs. Foraker, mother of Ex-Governor Foraker, who was called upon to lead in the first prayer that morning, took one of these little rugs, and, placing it upon the top step, kneeled upon it, and with her mouth at the key-hole, proceeded to offer one of her apostolic prayers. When she finished that prayer, and descended the steps to join her sisters in song on the pavement, some one asked her, in an undertone, why she did it, and added: "It looked so queer."

Her answer was: "When a man locks his door on good women's prayers, he is apt to be listening inside to hear what they have to say about it." And sure enough that prayer was heard. The young man inside was not destitute of that tenderness of conscience begotten by early religious teachings. He had two uncles, ministers in Fatherland, but love of money "made easy," and the "national toleration" for what God has pronounced "accursed," caused him to

see no harm in it; *so he sold.* But he was miserable because of the women's prayers, songs, and entreaties, and he decided to close his establishment, and seek a better way.

There was a feeling of real interest in disposing of the liquors of his saloon, so that no one should be harmed by them; therefore we entered into a business contract, each choosing a "daysman" to settle prices, and so on. The ladies of the committee determined that the liquor owned by Mr. Uhrig should be bought and burned, as none of our Society wished to injure the young man's worldly prospects; his store also underwent a process of invoicing, and upon a fixed day the ladies met, and purchased all there was for sale. As I was a little late, I found no choice in the trophies; but spying a handsome Cognac bottle, I found that it belonged to the partner's wife. In his boyhood days he had been our little neighbor, so I said: "Henry, won't you ask her to sell it to me?" He returned from her room quickly with her consent, and the price affixed; to-day that Cognac bottle, so delicately painted, has a place of honor, as a relic of the "Hillsboro Crusade," in the castle of Lady Henry Somerset, in England.

XI.

THE *Highland News*, one of the leading journals of our town, edited by Mr. J. L. Boardman, a champion for temperance and a loyal friend of the woman's movement, on March 10, 1873, had the following:

"The record of the day is not complete without some mention of the outdoor mass-meeting, held on the public square about four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Mr. Uhrig having yielded to the entreaties of the ladies, closed his saloon, and surrendered his liquors. It was determined that the whisky should be burned. A large concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremony.

"The ladies of the Association came in procession from the church, and formed a circle around the three barrels, being marshaled by Mr. Jacob Sayler, who, at their request, had charge of the proceedings.

"After a prayer by Rev. S. D. Clayton, the heads of the barrels were broken in, and the liquor set on fire. The scene was one of solemn joy, never to be forgotten by those who participated in it.

"As the words of prayer were borne heavenward on the wings of the evening air, tears of thankfulness flowed from many eyes, and in the hush which followed the fervent 'Amen,' voices, all tremulous with emotion, joined in the grand old 'John Brown' chorus.

"Even the boys forgot their usual shout and whistle, and the dear familiar hymns, that have cheered and

helped us all along the weary way, seemed the fittest expression of our joy. When all was over, the ladies and gentlemen of the Association returned to the church to unite in a song and prayer of solemn thanksgiving to God, being more than ever convinced that he who began the work has continued it, and will in his own good time and way complete it.

"MRS. DEAN K. FENNER, *Secretary*."

About the beginning of April, 1874, the morning meetings were resumed, and, by special invitation from the "powers that be," they were held alternate weeks in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. It must not be forgotten that, in addition to the injunction case, which had been tried at the February term of court, Mr. Dunn had also brought suit against the Crusaders for alleged trespass, and asked *ten thousand dollars damages*. This suit was not to come on for some months, owing to the fact that the parties were not ready for trial. Meantime, the women decided not to "trespass" upon the Palace Drugstore, as there was plenty to do in other directions, and they had no desire, even in appearance, to defy the law. But from an article taken from the *Highland News* about that time, it would seem that our temperance gentlemen were not so minded; for they were busy in the line of legal suasion. In order to give the situa-

tion, as its was regarded in this region in 1874, this clipping will be useful

"MR. DUNN IN TROUBLE AGAIN—HE IS BOUND OVER ON EIGHT ADDITIONAL CHARGES OF ILLEGAL LIQUOR-SELLING.

"Since our last issue, the temperance men have been making things rather uncomfortable for Mr. Dunn, of injunction notoriety, and have pretty effectually stripped him of the borrowed plumage he has hitherto been allowed to wear as a seller of liquor only in strict accordance with the law. He has been arrested, and bound over to court on *eight* distinct charges of illegal selling.

"All these cases but two are for selling liquor to be drank on the premises, and the proof against him is clear in every case. The other two cases are for selling liquor to minors, and in these also the evidence is strong and direct.

"This is all there is in the cry of '*persecution*,' which is being raised by his friends and sympathizers."

The only remaining saloons were the two we first visited, kept by John Bales and Robert Ward, and they were still visited with songs, prayers, and earnest entreaties, until it really seemed a question as to how long they could resist, and how long the Crusaders could patiently endure.

These men were very different in their temperaments. Bales had one song, which he never failed to sing: "Just as soon as the druggists all sign the pledge, and quit selling contrary to law,

then I will quit, and join in with the temperance people, heart and soul."

Poor Ward always agreed that liquor-selling was a "bad business," and protested that whenever he could sell his house, he would "quit the business entirely." But when one of our wealthy citizens (to gratify his noble Crusade wife) offered him his price for the property, *cash down*, with a view, we have always believed, of handing it over to her for Crusade headquarters, the infatuated Ephraim proved his devotion to his idol by asking five hundred dollars more for his house. Thus the sale was lost.

Quite a new line of activity opened up about this time for temperance workers. The Constitutional Convention had at last finished its labors, and Ohio was required to consider the new constitution. In consequence of the great pressure brought upon the members of this Convention by the temperance movement, they saw plainly that, in order to meet the question fairly, they would have to submit to the people a choice as to which of two clauses should be inserted in the constitution—one favoring the system of license to sell intoxicating liquors, the other opposed to license. 'T is true the women had no vote on the subject, but they would be the greatest sufferers should the State license this terrible traffic. So when meetings were appointed throughout

the county in school-houses and churches, the Crusaders accepted the many calls that were made upon them, and in little groups of three, four, or six, sought quietly the rural gatherings, where, from full hearts (and many times bitter experiences), they reasoned with their neighbors of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," and, from the kindly letters received and published, one might well suppose the novel work of the women during those days of toil and danger, was not in vain. As a tribute to the author of the following letter, we feel that it should be published in our "Crusade Sketches." In his little town, Belfast, Highland County, Mr. Isaac Hottinger, a sensible farmer, had stood like a granite statue against taunts, ridicule, and sarcasm, voting the only Prohibition ticket for so many years, that he naturally hailed the new movement with enthusiasm:

BELFAST, March 21, 1874.

EDITOR NEWS,—To-day, after religious service was ended in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Isaac Hottinger moved that we extend our hearty congratulations and sympathies to the noble women of Hillsboro for their zealous labors to supress intemperance. Rev. Mr. Ambrose called for a vote of the House, and I believe it was carried unanimously, and Isaac Hottinger was appointed a committee to report the same to the women of Hillsboro, through the columns of the *News*.

So far as I have heard our people express their minds,

they are on the side of the women in this temperance movement. It is the foundation principle of this Government that a majority shall rule. Now, if we were to ask every voter in our nation, "Are you in favor of the sale and use of liquor for a beverage?" two-thirds would say, *No.* Then, why are things in such a deplorable condition? The answer is obvious. We are too busy trying to make money, and more anxious for political party victories, than we are for the cause of temperance.

There is one thing certain to my mind: If the *women* had a vote, they would "right-about-face" the liquor-business in short meter.

God grant that the temperance-ball that was started in Hillsboro may roll on, until it shall break down the reign of King Alcohol, and bind him in chains so strong that he will never again be set free to ravage and destroy our homes! Yours, for temperance,

ISAAC HOTTINGER.

XII.

AN evening service of much interest was held in the Methodist church about the 20th of April. The Rev. S. D. Clayton was called upon for a speech. He responded in an earnest, rousing address, taking for a text the reply of a saloon-keeper in a town near by, when a broken-hearted mother besought him to sell no more liquor to her only son. Said he: "Madam, your

son has as good a right to fill a drunkard's grave as any other mother's son, and I will sell to him as long as he has money to pay for it." I only wish a reporter had been on hand, that the words of power and pathos on that occasion could have been preserved; but they were not lost.

From the *News* of May 13, 1874, we clip the following notice:

"Last Saturday, while the ladies of the Temperance League were holding their usual religious exercises in front of Bales's saloon, he got angry, and seizing Mrs. Pickering and Mrs. Shinn by the shoulder, pushed them roughly off the sidewalk. Mrs. Pickering had him arrested for assault, and taken before 'Squire Stoddard, who, after a full hearing, held him to bail in the sum of one hundred dollars."

This notice records the first act of "self-defense" undertaken by our Crusaders; for their uniform *creed* and *practice* had been kindness, prayer, and Christian effort; and while the incident was greatly deplored by the leaders of the "band," yet the kindly and most efficient legal efforts of our friend, the youthful county attorney, Mr. Dumenil, gave such satisfactory results that we, as Crusaders, felt *compensated* in the *evident* sympathy created for the humane side of the question by his noble efforts. Mr. Dumenil has since pleaded for "the right" in a wider field in his Kansas home, where his merits soon

procured for him position and power to make his principles felt.

At a morning meeting in the old Crusade Church, about the 25th of May, 1874, a message came telling of the arrest of Cincinnati's Crusaders, and a city missionary who had for a long time been preaching on the streets of the city unmolested.

After prayer was offered in behalf of the persecuted ones, the president was requested to write to her friends, Mesdames William I. Fee and S. K. Leavitt, expressive of the heartfelt sympathy of our entire Association in this their time of trial. The meeting for the next morning was to be appropriated to prayer and supplication for their particular cases. Before our meeting adjourned, Mr. Sayler came in with the cheering news that the Rocky Fork Distillery was about to close for want of customers, and that the Lynchburg Distillery was closed. These being two of Highland County's "high towers of iniquity," much joy was felt upon the report, and the grand old doxology was sung "with the spirit and the understanding," and we were dismissed by Brother McSurely with a tender benediction in reference to the treatment of Cincinnati's noble women.

Some time before a committee had been empowered to name a number of gentlemen

who would serve in a county and township temperance organization. The following gentlemen agreed, and a more judicious selection could not have been made: General McDowell, Judge Mathews, Drs. P. H. Wever, H. S. Fullerton, and Marshall A. Nelson. The accepted mission was at once entered upon by this committee, and the Crusaders responded very heartily to all invitations to aid in this work of the new temperance organization.

XIII.

IN view of the increasing business that seemed to be opening up before our Association, a meeting of the Executive Committee was called, and the appointment of two vice-presidents resulted—Mrs. John A. Smith and Mrs. Judge Evans—and our women felt greatly strengthened by the addition of two such aids for future conflicts.

When we assembled the following morning for the appointed prayer service in behalf of our brave but persecuted Cincinnati sisters, it so turned out that the Pittsburg Crusaders were in like peril, and although their names were then less familiar than since, sympathy in the same glorious cause made us one in the Master.

Further reports gave the assurance that these noble women were persecuted even more cruelly than Cincinnati's martyrs! And so our tears and our songs, our prayers and our rejoicings in being among those who were counted worthy to suffer persecution for Christ's sake, caused us to sit together in a heavenly place that morning.

Much enthusiasm was felt and expressed by ministers and laymen. Dr. McSurely on that morning expressed his opinion as to the political drift of the movement. He seemed to believe that "the contest would finally be between American ideas of liberty and right, and the German infidel idea of uncontrolled license, not only in regard to temperance but to all the principles of truth for which our Puritan ancestry braved the terrors of the New England wilderness, and which they sealed and established with their blood!"

After a lapse of nearly twenty years, these words of our faithful Crusade friend and brother seem prophetic, as we scan the existing struggle (political) between right and wrong, and witness the "Sunday-closing" experience of American statesmen against the uncontrolled and "infidel" ideas of foreign powers, the worst element of which has the privilege of the ballot on American soil. It is well that the women still "cling

to the promises and look up," as the old colored Baptist brother said he did when he fell; for our God's promise is sure and steadfast. "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down;" and "though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come."

There was much accomplished during the weeks following,—boxes packed and sent to flood-sufferers; meetings for the young people and the children; visitations to the prison by our faithful committee, Miss Julia Brown, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Pickering, and others. But, above all, the county meetings at church and school-house were vigorously sustained.

About the 23d of June it was suggested and approved, at the morning meeting, that arrangements be made for having a grand temperance picnic at the fair-ground on the Fourth of July, and that a notice and general invitation be published in the town papers and by posters, so that all good friends of the cause throughout the county might have ample time to make their plans to join us. After much labor and great executive ability on the part of the officers in charge, committees were decided upon as follows: Arrangement, speakers, music, program, reception of delegates from townships, marshal of the day, chairman, secretary, and reporter.

The day's success proved to many a doubter

the coming, quiet, orderly beauty in store for humanity, when "righteousness shall cover the earth" and "the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." There was fine music (gratis) from the Hillsboro orchestra, and good speaking. Large, spreading oaks shaded the beautiful green sward below, on which each township delegation was received by a committee of Hillsboro Crusaders, and welcomed under their own marked bower. Many smiling visitors from the town, also, who had failed to join in the saloon feature of our work, were free to appreciate and commend the "lovely effects of the Crusade in the Fourth of July celebration," especially when they saw the honest joy it gave the Crusading ladies to provide the best they had for the refreshment of the wives and children of the ex-saloon-keepers.

The first business of note after the successful "Fourth" was the resignation of our valued recording secretary, Mrs. D. K. Fenner, who had served us so faithfully from the first day of our work, and had kept the record so much in the spirit of our Crusade that no word of bitterness or malice could be found upon the "minutes," although diligent search was made (as confessed by Mr. Dunn's attorneys), hoping thereby to establish the plea of persecution against their client. Mrs. Fenner's needed absence from home

made her resignation a necessity, hence we submitted. But in the good providence of God, who "sets one thing over against another," we were greatly rejoiced to find that Miss Virginia H. Wever was willing to serve us, and her name being duly presented, she was elected unanimously by a rising vote, and from July 13 to October 29, 1874, we rejoiced in her prompt, efficient aid, and in her unusual ability as a parliamentarian, which at that early date of our Crusade was rare.

The absorbing theme in hamlet, county, and town now was the approaching test-vote—license or no license. To this end Rev. Dr. Leonard, then of Cincinnati, had been invited to Hillsboro, and on the evening before the election made one of his masterly efforts in Music Hall, which had a very fine effect upon the minds of our people. As usual, the amiable Crusaders had worked hard all the weeks of the past "no-license campaign," and now, at the crisis, they could not use the only effective weapon in such an emergency; but they felt assured that their cry would be heard at the court of heaven; hence, an all-day prayer, song, and conference meeting was held on the day the men voted. The burden of the prayers that day was: "O, Lord, help the men to vote *right* in thy sight, and hasten the day when the curse of home may

be banished from this and every land!" And all the Crusaders (women and men) said, *Amen.*

At the evening service, after learning of our victories, General McDowell, the uniform friend of the ladies in their efforts in the temperance work, paid a high tribute to their efficiency in the late conflict, and said emphatically: "It is my opinion that the work and speaking of the women saved the township and county on the 18th." Thereupon the Rev. S. D. Clayton arose and said: "Yes, General, when I heard of the victory in Liberty Township and Highland County, I said, and now repeat it, 'May the Lord bless these earnest, noble women!' and he will."

XIV.

AT the close of the summer of 1873, Auxiliary Temperance Leagues had been formed in almost every township of Highland County. The license clause of the new State Constitution had been defeated, and, although all had not been accomplished in our own community that was desired or sought after, yet there was a state of reformation and safety existing that furnished at least great hopes for the future.

A call came about this time from a duly-authorized group of Christian ladies—women who

had "drawn near to God in saloon prayer-meetings"—and "as they recounted the wonders of the great uprising" at the restful retreat, Chautauqua, their hearts "burning within them" for still greater work, so this call was made upon every League of temperance women in the Crusade States. They were requested to call Cconventions for the purpose of electing a woman from each congressional district as delegate to an organizing Convention, to be held in the city of Cleveland, O., November 18–20, 1874.

The history of that memorable Convention at Cleveland and its origin was so well delineated by the graceful pen of our Crusade sister, Mrs. W. A. Ingham, of Cleveland, for the Louisville Convention of the National W. C. T. U., that I wish every White-ribbon sister had a copy of it in her own scrapbook. We poor mortals fail, ofttimes, to take in the meaning of events as they pass, but afterward the handwriting of divinity becomes legible. Surely it was so with some of us in the case of that first National Temperance Convention of women.

It was my high privilege to have received the majority vote from our district as the delegate to that Convention; and but for the fact that our beloved State president, Mrs. Prof. McCabe, of Delaware, Ohio, would be there, and with her gentle, sweet, cultured womanhood afford an apology for

such a venture, I should hardly have felt that I could accept; for Conventions had always been associated in my mind with men of business, of Church or State, and especially with political nominations. True, I had been led by the Spirit and the convulsion of events to pray in saloons and on the street; but what would we gain by bearing the persecutions resulting from holding Conventions? After the lapse of twenty years, let the organized power of woman in the temperance reform of the world answer this question!

The minutes of our Association, so accurately and beautifully kept by our secretary, Miss Wever, during these days and weeks of uneventful toil, show much of interest, but of such a purely local character that we must not overburden our pages. The morning prayer-meetings, evening mass-meetings, three times each week in the different churches, the children's gatherings once a week, and the young people's three times each month, with much interest in connection with many other avenues of usefulness, continued until January 1, 1874, when the ministers expressed a desire to hold religious services each in their own churches, hoping thereby to conserve the spiritual developments of the Crusade in a more personal and pronounced way than could be done in the general temperance-meetings. They can not be accused of a sectarian spirit in this; for in the

language of one of their number, our faithful Crusade Brother Cowden, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, they all agreed. He said at an evening meeting just before the program was changed: "I shall not be here many weeks longer; but no matter where I shall go in the providence of God, or how long I shall live, we can never forget the pleasant hours spent in Hillsboro, and particularly the pleasantness of the temperance work—where Christians forgot their denominational lines and escaped from their sectarian prejudices, to labor as one Church, as one family in Christ, for the great cause of temperance! I confess the closer I am brought into relationship with our Churches, and the more I know about them, the more I love them."

When the time came around for the observance of our Crusade anniversary, December 23, 1874, there was but one feeling. Our grand army of pledged children being, as the Crusaders felt, their brightest trophies of the year's work, it was determined to make it a children's pass-over; and most happy was the thought, for at two o'clock in the afternoon on the 23d, parents and children, Crusaders and ministers, all combined to raise a grateful Ebenezer in the old church, where, one year before, a few women had timidly sung, "Give to the winds thy fears!"

A meeting of the temperance women was

called for March 8, 1875, at the Methodist Episcopal church. A letter was read from Mrs. William I. Fee, of Cincinnati, urging the ladies of Hillsboro to give their aid in getting up the State Temperance Fair, to be held in Cincinnati the second week of April. The Crusaders, old and young, entered into the scheme with zeal. A Committee of Arrangements was formed of the following ladies, who were to meet for further consultation at Mrs. Thompson's on the next day: Mesdames Rev. Weatherby, James Patterson, D. K. Fenner, Miss Virginia H. Wever, Miss Ella Dill. Very soon a beautiful contribution of fancy and useful articles was ready, and, at the time appointed, the ladies elected to sustain the Hillsboro table at the fair were off for the scene of action. A beautiful canopy of drab material, ornamented with golden letters, shaded with black and red, handsomely formed, gave forth from the old Hillsboro table this sentiment:

"DEATH TO THE TRAFFIC,

BUT

LIFE TO THE SLAVE."

Much kindly feeling was the result of this united effort, and some money in the temperance treasury of the State for future work.

XV.

THE DUNN TRIAL.

ON the 30th day of January, 1874, a suit for $10,000 damage was brought by David Johnson and Wm. H. H. Dunn, druggists of Hillsboro, Ohio, against the temperance people engaged in the work of reform, known as the "Woman's Crusade." This suit was called an "action of trespass," and was tried at the May term of the Court of Common Pleas, in the year 1875, before the Hon. T. M. Gray, R. T. Hough being clerk of said court, and Cary T. Pope, sheriff. Counsel for the plaintiff were Sloan & Smith, Collins & Dittey, Henry L. Dickey, and Judge Safford. Counsel for the defendants, A. F. Perry, Cincinnati; M. J. Williams, Toledo; James H. Thompson, A. G. Matthews, and George B. Gardener, of Hillsboro.

The eventful morning, 17th of May, 1875, when "the ladies" were requested to take their seats in the court-room, came at last. There was much curiosity as to the conduct of the Crusaders; but the slow, solemn peal of the old church-bell at eight o'clock satisfied all that they had not forgotten their morning prayer-meeting. Every woman was at her post promptly on *that morning*, and our bright, brave young

ladies, who were so true and useful during those Crusade days of self-denial and cross-bearing, were on hand in full force, and never did their sweet, clear voices ring out with such pathos as on that occasion.

Precious promises from God's own Word were read by the leader. "My faith looks up to Thee," was sung with much feeling; then a few brief, earnest prayers were offered, just to the point, notably Mrs. Foraker's, which made a lasting impression upon all hearts. She appealed to the Lord, "in his righteousness, to confuse and confound the lawyers who were engaged in prosecuting the women of Hillsboro (who were his believing children) for trying to remove the stumbling-blocks out of the way of the weak, and to establish his righteous laws for the protection of the sons and daughters of our community."

After joining with "one heart and one mind" in the amen to that prayer, the doxology was sung; then, two-and-two, the line of march was taken up, with modest mien but brave hearts, for the *court of justice.*

The Crusaders were conducted to the seats assigned them, and, after quietly taking in the situation, the first thing that attracted attention was the heaps of law-books profusely marked, that were piled upon the table by which sat

Judge Safford (senior attorney for Dunn). Naturally, we "poor, weak women felt, Can there be so much against us in those books of doom? But we cried still more earnestly (in our hearts), "O Lord, undertake for us!"

For some time after we took our seats the judge seemed very much absorbed examining these books, and marking new points of law; finally he took his glasses off, placed them in a bright morocco case, laid them down on the table (unfortunately too near the edge), and, gracefully turning himself, so as to give attention to the speaker, who was very earnestly "opening the case," lost sight of his spectacles. Quick as thought, our officious little dog (named "Busy Bee" by his little master, because of his perpetual motion), danced up on his hind legs to the table, where he spied the bright spectacle-case, and, taking the tip-end between his little white teeth, darted off under tables and seats to—nobody knew where. Very soon there was occasion for some of those marked portions of legal lore, and the spectacles were in demand, but search was made in vain. The "confusion" that followed was "confounding." No one, save myself, seemed to know of the dog's trick, and I was called out to meet an expected guest; but as I was passing hastily out, Mrs. Foraker drew me down to her, and, with her

expressive face all aglow, said: "I do believe I prayed a little too hard."

The court-room was crowded every day by visitors from town and vicinity, and from a distance. In the hope of convicting the Crusaders of damaging Mr. Dunn's trade, many witnesses had been subpœnaed. Examinations and cross-examinations were indulged in on both sides, to the utter weariness of all concerned. Finally the argument, in all its variety commenced, and, as the minutes have it, "arguments, reason, logic, pathos, humor, impassioned defense, and malicious personalities, which are better forgotten than recorded;" after which the judge charged the jury. The eagerness with which its action was awaited can well be imagined. The countenances of the Crusaders said in legible lines of unrest, "Vain is the help of man," remembering the rulings of the judge; but when the bell rang, hundreds from the outside, willing to shout for the winning side, flocked to the court-house to hear the doom. The jury, obliged to base their decision upon the legal proofs in the case, as allowed by the court, found the defendants guilty of trespass. And as it was proved that Mr. Dunn lost the sale of a gallon of coal-oil and some other trifling matter in consequence of the presence of the ladies on his steps and sidewalks, the damages were put at

five dollars instead of ten thousand; but that was enough to throw the costs upon the temperance men. Immediately a bill of exceptions was made to Judge Gray's rulings by counsel for the defense, and the case was sent to the Superior Court. Expectation was quite general that the decision would be reversed; but it never was, because the active member of the firm, Wm. H. H. Dunn, soon after took the benefit of the bankrupt law, and his assignee declined to defend the suit in the Supreme Court. The costs were settled, and the wrath of man became as "stubble fully dry," and was "devoured," as was promised in Nahum i, 10.

XVI.

AFTER the weariness and excitement of the Dunn trial, the undaunted, invincible Crusaders met again in the dear old church where their first vows were recorded, and proceeded to business as quietly and peacefully as though they had not been under the arrest of human judgment, feeling in their hearts the comforting assurance, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The devotions on that day were solemn and impressive, and plans for future work were entered into with harmony and zeal.

First, it was decided to meet weekly, at the

homes of the members of the League alternately, for prayer and conference; once each month a public temperance-meeting should be held in one of the churches; children's temperance-meeting once a week, and the young people of the town be urged to continue their gatherings three times each month. The feeling had been growing on the part of the ladies that a room set apart for their own line of work was a necessity, and they voted unanimously in favor of immediate action. Later, by appointment, the following committee took charge of the matter: Mesdames Dr. Sams, D. K. Fenner, S. Janes, J. Stevenson, E. J. Thompson. From the minutes we find: "Monday evening, December 6, 1875, the general monthly temperance-meeting was held in the League-room for the first time. By the united request of the ladies, Dr. McSurely conducted the services of dedicating our little temple to God and humanity, and it was done in a manner most helpful and pleasing to all in attendance. After singing 'He leadeth me,' Mrs. Thompson was asked to give the history of the League-room, how it was obtained, how and by whom furnished, etc. This she did, and demonstrated fully that the whole thing was a *special providence.*"

The detailed account as given then would be uninteresting at this late day; but we may, with

righteous pride, turn to our "temple" in Chicago, the outcome of "woman's faith."

This humble old building was divided by a slight partition into two rooms. Removing this line of separation, we had a respectable oblong room, with front door and two windows, the same in the rear. Plaster, paint, paper, scrubbing-brushes, carpet, seats, tables, stove, blinds, mottoes, pictures, Bible, and books of song and many other conveniences, were all the spontaneous offerings of earnest hearts. Not one dollar of debt was left upon the ladies when the first songs of praise and voice of prayer were heard under that lowly, consecrated roof.

A series of morning meetings of a devotional character had been arranged to follow the opening service of the League-room. These meetings were to be presided over by the Crusaders, alternately, and this Tuesday morning service was assigned to me. As our audience increased, and the sweet songs of Zion floated out upon the clear, crisp air of that December morning, a noble heart for whom earnest prayers were ascending from that sacred place felt "strangely drawn;" and when the dignified form of General McDowell entered this newly-dedicated "temple," and took a seat near the door, there was a visible mark of answered prayer upon the faces of many present.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HILLSBORO, OHIO.

BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE OLD CRUSADE CHURCH.

After several prayers, songs, and telling experiences, the leader invited her "Uncle McDowell" (in a friendly way) to say something to them; as he had throughout the Crusade been such a wonderful stay and help to the ladies, all felt a desire to hear from him now in their new line of work. At once he arose, laid off his overcoat, and, walking slowly up towards the front said, with quivering lip: "I am not worthy to speak before you good women. During the war I grew more and more hardened and embittered, as those professing Christianity vilified each other, and brothers shed their own brother's blood. I confess I came to believe there was no such thing as religion. But I have watched the Crusaders with an interest few understood, and as I have seen those among you who were tenderly reared, kneel upon the sawdust floors—yea, even upon the pavements in front of barred doors—and have heard them, with tears coursing down their cheeks, pray for their worse than murderers, and for their wives and children, and then have followed them to the churches, and found the same spirit evinced there, I have been led to feel—yes, *that is the Christ love!* And I want to tell you, my dear sisters, that I feel it in my heart this morning!" He was deeply moved, and so were all who heard him. And that dear little wife, our first vice-president and zealous Crusader, who

had prayed so faithfully for the beloved husband of her youth for fifty years, now realized with new joy the faithfulness of her covenant-keeping God, and joined the happy group of sympathizing friends in songs of praise. That meeting, long to be remembered, closed with a new seal of God's approval upon the Crusade, and a recognition of his presence in our "gospel temperance" meetings.

General McDowell lost no time in communicating with his friend and pastor, Dr. McSurely, and at once renewed his early membership with the Presbyterian Church. From the hour of his new life-experience his growth in grace, and marvelous Christian development were "known and read of all men;" for the tender Savior knew how soon he would be called from labor to reward; hence he made of him a "shining light." General Joseph J. McDowell was a successful man in life, possessed a fine personal appearance, was an attractive speaker, fine conversationalist, and during his terms of public service in State and National Councils, won laurels, socially as well as politically. But what were all these perishable gifts and graces to that touch of "Divine love" which transformed his nature into the "image of the heavenly," and made him meet for the kingdom that "endureth forever?"

XVII.

THE result of the Spirit's influence in the meetings at the League room was most manifest and helpful, and yet the loss of the sweet songs of Zion on the early morning air in our Crusade services seemed greatly missed by many; indeed it had been to the outside world as an open-air concert, because of the superior voices of our faithful and devoted leaders, the three sisters, Annie, Bessie, and Maggie Wilson. The two elder especially were our reliance—for they allowed none of their active home duties (never neglected) to hinder prompt attention to the song-service of church, street, or saloon; their bright faces and the clear, soft melody of their voices gave inspiration to many a faint heart during those days of early rising, hard work, and bitter persecution. Aided by the many young ladies of our town who possessed gifts of voice, spirit, and will, the Crusade movement was peculiarly fortunate in this department.

But now that we must needs be shut up, as it were, in close communion, under our own vine and fig-tree, as compensation for the loss of much that was inspiring we almost daily witnessed God's power in some new and striking demonstration of the Spirit. Reports were now brought

into our League-room meetings of conversions in prison through our zealous sisters in charge of that work, and letters were read from prisoners in our county jail who felt they were God's free men, saved from their sins by the merits of Christ and the kindness and the prayers of the good women. After the release of one of these men from prison a request was sent to the Society that he might, before leaving for his home, be permitted to attend one meeting in our blessed League-room. Consent was gladly given, and some of our faithful men were invited to meet with us.

As the time drew on for our anniversary, the general feeling was that the day must have special attention, and a meeting was called for maturing plans, in fulfillment of which, on Thursday evening, December 23, 1875, Mrs. D. K. Fenner, as secretary of the Woman's League, gave a condensed report of the Crusade from the first morning, 1873, until present date, 1875. Mrs. Pickering, as secretary of the children's work, reported that branch, and Dr. McSurely (by the earnest request of the ladies) gave a finished address, showing that "this movement, extending as it has in its influence over the whole civilized world, is an inspiration of God's Holy Spirit." Thus was marked the second "milestone" of the Woman's Crusade in Hillsboro.

At the regular monthly meeting, January 5, 1876, after devotional exercises and reading the minutes, it stands recorded: "Mrs. Thompson proposed that a committee be appointed at once to canvass the town for more subscribers to the woman's paper, *The Union Signal*."

The next business in order was the consideration of a letter from Mrs. H. C. McCabe, Ohio's president, with regard to a plan of her own devising, whereby the State treasury might be supplied, as at this early stage of our work it was empty.

Each local Union was requested to send to her, at Delaware, a square of silk of given dimensions, patchwork, quilted or embroidered, but lined with linen, the usual gray color, and on that linen lining the names of all members who would send a dime or more must be written legibly, and if possible, in fadeless ink.

Our ladies at once responded, favoring the scheme, and a committee was appointed to take charge of the Hillsboro block for the "Ohio Crusade quilt." Mrs. Weatherby, who was superintendent of the Children's Temperance Band at that time, provided a beautiful square for them, and sent it, with $5, each child giving five cents with the name. Our woman's block was embroidered handsomely, and $10 in dimes sent with it.

During the winter of 1876 the different Churches of our town had been faithfully served by their respective pastors with protracted services, and yet, the "partition walls" having been so effectually removed during the Crusade, there was a great desire, on the part of the Christian women especially, that there should be a union service, where all denominations could once more meet around one common "mercy-seat." The subject was brought up at our meetings in the League room, and finding no opposition, it was made a subject of earnest prayer.

Very soon matters were all adjusted. The Methodist Episcopal church being the largest in town, was, by consent of the pastor, Rev. Lucien Clark, and trustees, agreed upon as the proper place for holding these services. Nathan and Esther Frame had been secured as evangelists, and for weeks a most blessed revival of religion refreshed and strengthened all denominations.

The humble little League room was found quite too small for the new additions to our numbers, who flocked to our gospel temperance-meetings; hence the women of the Union quickly procured and fitted up another hall, with dimensions ample for all purposes, even the children's meetings.

At the regular monthly temperance-meeting, May 1, 1876, it is stated in the minutes that, by

request, Mrs. Thompson gave a concise account of the progress of the work during the past two months. She also spoke of the work in Brooklyn, N. Y., and of its wonderful results, expressing her confidence in the ultimate success of the cause. Her address was followed by short speeches from Rev. Mr. Bowen, of the Episcopal church; General McDowell, and Judge Mathews. A letter was read, addressed to Mrs. Thompson, from the national president, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, requesting the Hillsboro Crusaders to send a telegraphic protest to the Centennial Commission against permitting the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Centennial Fair grounds. Such telegram was at once forwarded, and paid for by the League. Mrs. Wittenmeyer also requested the Hillsboro League to contribute to the National Temperance Fair, which was to be held in Philadelphia, beginning the second week in June.

The Crusade fire still burned upon the altar of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and it is inspiring at this late date to read in their minutes the comforting facts plainly indicating that the "God of Jacob" was still leading on to the victory, which, unseen by them, was all planned by his mighty love and power.

XVIII.

"APRIL 5, 1877—Meeting opened by Mrs. Thompson, who read the 146th Psalm, and suggested that we concentrate our faith and prayers upon the coming of Francis Murphy the following week to our town, that the promises contained in our blessed Crusade psalm may be verified in the hearts and homes of our people, and that the Lord in his mercy may at that time 'raise' some that have been long bowed down." (Minutes.)

The prayers that were then offered came from warm hearts and not from feigned lips! And, as the sequel proved, were heard in heaven, "His dwelling-place," and answered on earth to the joy of many hearts.

The "Murphy Temperance Movement" was inaugurated in Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio, early in the spring of 1877. Hon. Henry L. Dicky, ex-member of Congress of that place, became a convert to the new code of sobriety, "with malice toward none and charity for all," and it had a magical effect upon his brethren of the Hillsboro bar, composed, as it had been for many years, of men possessing unusual talent and rare legal ability, famous, most of them, for social qualities, too often sinfully heightened by

that enemy which "steals away the brain." Hence the "Macedonian cry" was the more gladly heeded by the distinguished convert of Greenfield, and he came over to aid our earnest aspirants after a new code of jurisprudence.

On the appointed evening, May 14, 1877, the city hall was lighted up, the Hillsboro orchestra was in fine tune, anxious hearts were throbbing, and all things seemed to take on a readiness for the very remarkable "Temperance Pentecost," which, inaugurated upon that evening, grew to such amazing proportions in our county.

Many of the men who were then redeemed from the curse of appetite are to-day beacon-lights, and some have left

"Footprints on the sands of time,"

For

"A forlorn and shipwrecked brother."

The grace of forgiving spirits engendered by the "love that never faileth" was beautifully illustrated in the harmony that characterized the blending of Crusaders and Murphyites in the work which followed; indeed, the prominent counsel on Dunn's side, in his suit against the women of the temperance siege, were for a long time among the most earnest and zealous co-workers in the grand battle for the right in the "Blue Ribbon" army.

For many months the converts to the peaceful, God-trusting card of Francis Murphy formed a self-constituted band of workers, and went into rural districts, and by invitation to adjoining towns, speaking to crowds and gaining signatures to the pledge by the hundreds. And as so many of our "Murphy men" were lawyers, we had the advantage of trained talkers, and much good came of their efforts. Strange to say, when the gospel of temperance takes hold of the conscience, it is apt to inspire the heart with such interest in poor humanity that words are given, as we have seen abundantly proved in this as other communities.

After a visit from Francis Murphy and months of ceaseless labor, the "Murphy men," aided by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the ministers of the town, commenced each Sunday afternoon "Murphy meetings" at city hall. These services continued to be well sustained for years, and were always cheered by the faithful few, among them my husband, Judge Thompson, who at this late day is justly proud to be recognized as a successful "Murphy man," and much of the joy of our declining years results from the peaceful blending of the sentiments represented by our badges—white and blue.

During all the years since 1877 the work of

the Crusaders, although taking on new forms of service and new lines of work, has kept marching on. Notable workers, both women and men, have from time to time been with us by invitation, and thus we have been greatly strengthened. Since the days of Crusade zeal and Murphy helpfulness, however, the White-ribbon sisterhood finds it much more difficult to keep a full treasury, and many times our aspiration after the oratory of truth fails to culminate, simply because we can not afford it, and those who could help us will not do it.

XIX.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

IT was on the morning of December 24, 1873, that our women first set out, heeding only the inward voice which said: "This is the way; walk ye in it." As the tenth anniversary drew near, the Crusaders were impelled to celebrate it in a service commensurate with the thanksgiving in their hearts.

By invitation of the Union, Frances E. Willard, the beloved national president, accompanied by Miss Esther Pugh, treasurer of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union,

and Miss Anna Gordon, Miss Willard's faithful private secretary, came to add honor to the day. A reception and supper in Music Hall, on the evening of December 22d, was a financial and social success. Services for the children were held on Sunday, 23d, at 2 P. M., conducted by Miss Gordon in the Presbyterian church, and assisted by Miss Pugh. A Murphy meeting in the City Hall, at three o'clock, was in charge of Rev. Mr. Shade, at which Miss Willard narrated the call to which she surrendered the cherished plans of her life to become an evangel to "the great unwashed, untaught, ungospeled multitude." Exceptionally fine music completed a memorable service.

A mass-meeting in the evening was presided over by Mrs. Thompson at the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. J. W. Weatherby, pastor of the Baptist Church of Seville, Ohio. Miss Esther Pugh, with the unflinching principles of her Friends' faith, and the never-give-up spirit of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was the most suitable reader of the Crusade psalm. The battle hymn of the Crusade was most impressively rendered as a quartet and chorus, all of which made a fine setting for Miss Willard's thrilling exposition of the results of a decade of Crusade work. A liberal contribution was made for the national treasury, and Rev. John Pearson,

presiding elder of the Hillsboro District, invoked the blessing of God at the close.

Storms and cold winds had too long seasoned the spirit of the Crusaders for them to be intimidated by the rigors of the morning of December 24th, which found them assembled in the old Crusade Church with hearts glowing with memory of the goodness of God and the power of the truth. As Miss Mattie Mather said: "The marvelous growth of the Temperance Crusade, now making our quiet conservative town a very Bethlehem, was most aptly illustrated by the ancient legend of the tent in the walnut, brought by an Oriental prince to his father, which being unfolded, covered the king, the councilors, the kingdom and the world."

The same faithful pastor, Dr. McSurely, of this same dear old Church, as true to the cause as ten years before, opened the meeting, but after devotional exercises and cheering comfort of speech, turned the service over to the ladies by calling to the chair the president elected just ten years before. After reading the 146th Psalm, she gave her testimony to the faithfulness of "a covenant-keeping God," who had verified his promises made to her ten years previous, by "vindicating the wrongs of the oppressed," by loosing the prisoners, by opening the eyes of the blind, by raising up those who were bowed

down, and by "turning the way of the wicked upside down."

Well knowing that hearts and ears were waiting for the inspired words of Miss Willard, always eloquent and soul-moving, she was doubly so in responding to the invitation to speak on this blessed day.

"Give to the winds thy fears" was sung at her request, after which a memorial paper was read by Mrs. Janes, in which tender record was made of the members of the original Crusade band who had gone from labor to reward, and of whom it might be well said, "Their works do follow them."

TESTIMONIES.

Mrs. General Joseph McDowell gave a brief account of the wonderful conversion of her noble husband at a prayer-meeting in the first room set apart for the use of the temperance women.

Mrs. McDowell gave us many incidents of interest connected with those wonderful days. This stirred the souls of others, and one after another related some striking reminiscence of '73 and '74, until the noon hour admonished us that time was only too short for the pent-up memories of those days of spiritual power.

Mrs. Margaret Stevens, a faithful worker, though a most retiring one, was urged to relate the following incident of the war of bloodless vic-

tories: On one occasion when we were trying to save the poor men from entering those places of death, our leader, who was holding a prayer-meeting in front of a saloon, noticed that the back entrance was becoming popular, and suggested that it would be well to guard that point. I said I would be one to go, and Mrs. Doggett joined me. Very soon two young men approached, evidently not sober. One, having a gun upon his shoulder, insisted upon having their rights. We said: "You have no right to destroy yourselves." The gun was taken down in a menacing manner by the young man as he approached me. Just at that instant Mrs. Doggett stepped up, and in her kind, gentle way, laid her hand upon the shoulder of the young man, saying: "John, I know how your mother prays for you, and now we will join her." The gun was laid down, the tears of contrition began to flow, and as they left they said: "You are brave, good Christian women, and we thank you for your interest in us."

Two brave Crusaders from Wilmington, Mrs. Farquhar and Mrs. Clevenger, had dared the worst weather that has ever been known in this region, to come over and help in celebrating our twenty-third; they gave very earnest words of sympathy and cheer, and enlivened the meeting by some of the incidents of their work, which

was so successful that for months they rejoiced in having *no open door* to destruction in their midst.

Two earnest Presbyterian sisters gave wonderful testimony to the power of the Spirit upon their hearts during those days of prayer and sacrifice.

Mrs. Stephenson said the "sword of the Spirit" had severed from her soul (through the influence of the Crusade) that formality of service which for years had enslaved her spirit and fettered her tongue, so as to cause a lifeless, dumb service; that she had been delivered from the fear of the world, and had ever since rejoiced in the will of her Heavenly Father, and continually upon her heart was the psalm of joy, "Praise ye the Lord."

Mrs. Ellifritz gave a most thrilling account of the struggles that she endured with her own spirit when she first went out with the Crusaders—lifetime usages, the rules and forms of her own Church, which in the past, she claimed, had not brought out the latent spiritual power of woman. Finally, after a sore and prolonged battle with the powers of darkness, the Spirit set her free, since which time she had been free indeed.

Mrs. Hart, wife of Mr. Alphonso Hart, who was one of our most earnest and liberal workers, always counting "sacrifice" a portion of "service," gave a talk this morning that appeared to set the

calendar back a decade; for the tongues of fire that rested upon the original band seemed again visible. Mrs. D. K. Fenner (first secretary) also proved the undying nature of this zeal for God and humanity.

Mrs. Rev. McSurely brought out a very noticeable feature of our work as Crusaders in the relation of an incident that occurred just as we were forming in line for the march to the street, on our way to do God's work. Some one said: "Why, Mrs. Thompson, are we really going to sing and pray in the saloons?" The answer was: "We don't know what we will do; God will lead and guide us."

To have heard the experiences of these good women on this "decennial anniversary" morning would have proved to the most doubting minds that the Crusade movement was from God, and that the purifying and quickening influence of the Holy Spirit was one of its seals.

Indeed it was a wonderful meeting, one long to be remembered; and with glad hearts we raised at this decade our Ebenezer, and sang together with the sisterhood of all lands, warmed by the same fire, "Blest be the tie that binds." Again we set forth with the "sword of the Spirit in hand," putting on anew the whole armor of God, resolved to battle with renewed zeal and courage "for God, and home, and every land."

XX.

THE unexpected changes in the tenor of the Woman's Christian temperance work, at the different eras of the dispensation that came upon them December, 1873, afford proof positive of the divinity of its origin. No finite mind could have inspired the persistence and guided the ever-varied tactics developed in this society of women, young and old, having its origin in the simple faith that God would do for them what they could not do for themselves, if they would obey his voice and walk according to the leadings of his spirit.

When the time came in our town for the Crusaders to decide upon a change of policy regarding their temperance work, special prayer was resorted to, and passages of Scripture, as definitely as the "pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day," directed them. The zeal of the women sought new outlets; speakers of note and influence from abroad were invited, and series of meetings held, causing an increase of interest in the community; and the constancy with which the regular weekly services were persevered in silenced all doubts as to the stability of the cause or the intentions of "these invincible women!"

About the time of "the Week of Prayer," 1888,

it was resolved by the members of the Union to invite Mrs. Romick, of Ohio, for a week of temperance and gospel work in our town. Measures were at once set in motion, and on March 20, 1888, she came to us, as our secretary, Mrs. E. L. Warson, happily expressed it, "with a heart filled with love for God and humanity, and ready for work in his cause." The result was, many were benefited and our Union was built up and strengthened. Her sweet, humble Christian spirit will long be remembered among our people.

Mothers' meetings had become a favorite feature of our work, conducted at first by Mrs. E. J. Patterson, a zealous worker in many departments, and presided over afterwards by Mrs. Bridwell.

But, as is always the case, some one person must be responsible for the outcome of such extra services, and that person must have a special gift and preparation. After our dear Mrs. Bridwell left us for favored Harriman, the mothers' meetings became a thing of the past. But we are trusting and believing that God will open the way for its revival.

The 1st of February, 1887, the ministers of the town, the "Murphy Men," the "Young Men's League," and other good temperance voters, circulated a petition asking the Common Council to provide for a special election, at which

the electors of the city might be granted the privilege of voting for or against the liquor-traffic under the local-option clause of the "Dow Law."

Two hundred signatures of qualified voters were obtained, and the petition was presented on February 7th. The City Council at first refused to grant the petition; but under strong pressure of public sentiment this action was reconsidered, and the election set for March 14, 1887.

At a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union upon Monday, February 21st, after most earnest devotional exercises, the subject of so much interest took possession of all hearts, and questions of *aid without hindering* caused much anxious discussion. Finally it was proposed that the ladies should furnish a free lunch, to be served in the City Hall, above the voting place on election-day, provided the leading temperance men approved the plan. Another general meeting of the women was appointed to be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church on the following Saturday afternoon, March 5th, and a general invitation issued to the ladies of the county to join them.

The committee in power (of men), through the committee of ladies appointed at a former meeting to confer with them, signified their thanks and hearty approval. At once the women set their hospitable designs to work by the ap-

pointment of five most efficient workers as a "committee of trust," as to them was assigned the important obligation of selecting the serving committee, whose duty it should be to serve the tables at the hours assigned during the day, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M.

A meeting of citizens of all faiths, religious and political, was called for Saturday evening the 26th, in City Hall, by the ministers of all the Churches and the signatures of thirty-three prominent citizens. This meeting was held in the parlor of the Young Men's League, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the evening of the 22d; and, by the way, this association of non-partisan, non-sectarian young men formed a most hopeful feature of our community. They owed their origin to the zeal and conservative spirit of the Rev. Davis W. Clark, son of Bishop Clark (deceased), and pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place at that time. He took a most active part in this contest, and was urged to write up the marvelous victory for prohibition in this Crusade town. From his account of things we make some quotations for the benefit of those interested.

Speaking of the meeting that was held on Saturday, ev ing, February 26th, in City Hall, he says: "Hon. J. H. Thompson was called to the chair. To him belongs the honor, not only

of making an admirable opening address, but of having uttered a prophecy of victory, which had literal fulfillment. Dr. W. J. McSurely, of Crusade fame, followed in a forcible speech." An Executive Committee was appointed to have charge of the campaign. Mass-meetings now followed in quick succession, and were sustained by the best talent of this and neighboring communities.

On Tuesday evening, 10th, by invitation of the men's Executive Committee, the Young Men's League held a remarkable meeting in Armory Hall. Over one hundred young men fell into line, and, with J. M. Hughy for captain, and to the inspiring tap of the drum-corps, they paraded the streets. This demonstration produced a profound sensation. It seemed a mute but eloquent appeal. They were the class most endangered by the existence of the saloon. When the brave "League boys" filed into the hall and took the seats reserved for them, they received a perfect ovation from the immense audience.

On the Sabbath preceding the election the pulpits rang out with no uncertain sound. Rev. I. W. Joyce, D. D. (since bishop), arrived from Cincinnati on Saturday evening, by special invitation, and as the *News Herald* has it, "He preached on the subject of temperance at the Methodist Episcopal Church, both morning and

evening, and talked on the same subject at Armory Hall in the afternoon. He was greeted with immense and enthusiastic audiences at each meeting. Rev. Davis W. Clark says:

"Our movement was pre-eminently religious. The affair had its inception in a meeting of ministers and under the roof of a church. All public meetings opened with prayer, and closed with doxology and benediction. It was a minister's voice in the closing hours of our struggle that called into line the last straggler. The cry of the Crusade may not have been audibly uttered, but it certainly kept ringing in the conscience, 'The Lord wills it.' The spontaneous praise service was an appropriate conclusion to the campaign.

"Any account of our recent struggle omitting to mention the share of the consecrated women in it, would be sadly defective. They did everything *but vote*. They made personal appeals, and were instant in prayer.

"The local Union of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union formed a happy nucleus, around which the elect ladies gathered, thus again proving itself a providential agency. Next to the Church we esteem the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the most thoroughly-organized and efficient philanthropic society of our times."

A continuous prayer-meeting, March 14, 1887, in the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in support of the efforts at the polls, and the lunch at the City Hall was free to all voters! Of this

meeting our secretary, Mrs. Maggie L. Gregg, says:

"There was a Presence whose manifestations and influence could be felt upon entering the room. The 'God of Jacob' in whom the old Crusaders trusted, and into whose ear the prayers of thousands of women have been received in the past thirteen years, was there, whispering the assuring words: 'Said I not, if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?'"

The polls closed at five o'clock, and as we lingered to hear the last report, it was proposed that when our victory should be assured, the bells must ring out the praise of God, beginning with a few taps from the bell of the "Old Crusade Church!" As the crowd dispersed, an announcement was made by the ministers for a praise-meeting at 7.30 in the Methodist Episcopal Church. And thus the hilariousness of the people found a glorious channel in songs of victory and prayers of thanksgiving.

XXI.

FROM the time of the Dow Law victory, March 14, 1887, little occurred of special interest in the Crusade work of Hillsboro. Everything tended to a well-defined battle between good

laws and bad execution on the part of the community of voters and their officers,—a battle in which women were powerless; but gospel temperance meetings were continued, the children were not forgotten, temperance literature was distributed, the prisoners were visited, and the weekly Woman's Christian Temperance Union prayer-meetings were never omitted.

At one of these services, about the 12th of September, 1887, it was intimated that a carriage was at the door awaiting me for a service that required my attention, quite out of town. In my absence the meeting was continued, and a *secret plan* was formed for celebrating the coming anniversary of *our Golden Wedding*. The Rev. Davis W. Clark was foremost in aiding the ladies in developing this plan. The story of this occasion will be found, as told by our former secretary, Mrs. D. K. Fenner, in the chapter contributed by my daughter, Marie T. Rives; but I may be permitted here to say of this beautiful occasion, that it remains to my husband and myself one of the most cherished memories of our lives. Having just passed the "golden milestone," and having served our local Union for *thirteen* years as president, I began to feel that a younger woman might be more efficient.

My resignation was referred to a committee

(Mrs. Rev. W. J. McSurely and Mrs. Maggie L. Gregg), who replied as follows:

"Your committee, to whom was submitted Mrs. Thompson's request that she be released from the presidency of our local Union, would respectfully submit: That we do not consider Mrs. Thompson 'superannuated;' that, although often prevented from meeting with us, yet when she is present we do not perceive that her natural force is abated; and we know that we but voice the feeling of all in saying that we most earnestly desire that she, who first led us out in this work, may continue to be our president for many years to come. We submit this, not as a mere sentiment, but from a conviction that we are doing what is best for our Union. Feeling that *God* called Mrs. Thompson to be our leader, we await a clearer indication of Providence that another is to take her place.

"In the mean time, during her absence from us, we recognize another leader in our first vice-president, Mrs. Hart, and we will faithfully stand by her."

The matter being thus adjusted, Mrs. Hart, with her usual energy and earnestness, prepared an appeal to the mayor and Council of our town, and, accompanied by Mesdames Foraker, McSurely, Murray, Smith, Gregg, Langley, Bridwell, Patterson, Willett, Stevenson, and McConnaughy, delivered it at the set time, and was sustained by two of the councilmen, Dr. Patterson and Mr. McNichol, with eloquent and earnest speeches favoring their wishes. Mrs. Hart's

appeal is worth reading, notwithstanding the majority was against us:

"*To the Hon. Mayor and Council of Hillsboro:*

"It is claimed that the ordinance prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in our town is but a dead letter upon our statute-books, and feeling aggrieved that this is so, we, the women of Hillsboro, through the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, come to you with an earnest appeal to see to it that it be enforced. Nearly two years ago this ordinance was asked for by more than two-thirds of our voters, and by our united voice. It was placed upon our statute-books, not as a pastime, not as empty words, but to be enforced just as any law, and, as affecting our interests more than any law, you are asked to enforce, as by its non-enforcement our homes, our happiness, and the souls of our loved ones are placed in jeopardy. The voters, who asked its adoption, expected you, as sworn officers of the law, to enforce it. We hear it said that the ordinance is a failure. We grant that its enforcement has been a failure, but the ordinance is right, and right can not be wrong. It may need revision to make it more effective, and we pray your honorable body to do this. Can you turn a deaf ear to our appeal? We also ask that you make an appropriation of money sufficient to enable our officers to execute the law.

"On behalf of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hillsboro, Ohio, MRS. GOV. HART,

"*Acting Pres., First Vice-Pres.*

"LIZZIE H. HARSHA, *Secretary.*"

All this effort on the part of the temperance women and their friends so stirred up matters,

that the "powers that be" determined to enforce the "tax" part of the "Dow Law," and let them sell on, as they had been doing (without paying for the "privilege"). With the money thus collected our streets, "so wide and airy," were vigorously macadamized, and thus, while the tempted ones were drawn into the "open doors," the "very rocks were crying out" against "those people who love to have it so." "And what will ye do in the end thereof?" has been asked, not only by the prophet, but by many aching hearts, since that day, for "at last it stingeth like an adder," even "our enemies themselves being judges."

XXII.

FEBRUARY 27, 1889, Mrs. Hart suggested a temperance dinner by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as one had not been given for some time, and the treasury was getting low. Ample preparations were made, and, March 2d, the dinner was given in the city hall. It was well patronized, and gave great satisfaction; but, best of all, it left a good impression, socially as well as financially.

The family and large connection of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Foraker had planned so quietly and successfully in their preparations for their fiftieth

anniversary of the wedding-day, that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union came very near being excluded; but the secret was found out in time to send the following: An exquisite banneret in white and gold, from the co-workers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with the inscription:

1839. *1889.*

Golden Wedding.

Congratulations

from

The W. C. T. U. of Hillsboro,

to

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Foraker.

May each coming milestone of life's journey prove a fresh Ebenezer until the golden gate is reached!

For our dear sister of Crusade memory the words of the Master seem most fitting:

"O woman, great is thy faith!"

About this time it was the pleasure of our Union to respond to the call of Miss Pugh, national treasurer, and send our contribution and loving sentiments to Frances E. Willard, the one we all "delighted to honor," and especially as she approached the end of her "fifty successful years."

From the minutes we find that "a memorial service in honor of the late Mrs. Hayes was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, under

the direction of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Thompson presided, Dr. McSurely read the Scriptures, and Rev. King, of the Baptist Church, led in prayer. The remarks of Mrs. Thompson were very appropriate and touching, and she paid a fine tribute to Ex-President Hayes for his loyalty to his wife in supporting her in her heroic stand for sobriety in the White House. Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Murray read very excellent papers, and Mrs. Rives gave a thoughtful and happily-worded address. Mrs. D. S. Ferguson read an original poem, and Mrs. Wm. Gregg read a poem prepared by Mr. J. L. Boardman. The whole affair was most happily conceived and carried out. The papers, addresses, and poems were in excellent taste, and show a tender appreciation of the noble Christian woman, whose courage and truth have entitled her to the respect and love of the Christian world. The services were closed with the benediction by Rev. Murray."

The semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Highland County was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place, May, 1889. Delegates were present from five Unions in the county, and were welcomed by Mrs. Dr. McSurely in behalf of the Hillsboro Union.

Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, national correspond-

ing secretary, was with us by invitation, and addressed a large evening meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and also led a very profitable service on the following morning in the old Crusade Church. She gave much satisfaction, and with many of our citizens is a standing favorite.

Mrs. Alphonso Hart at this Convention resigned her office as county president, much to the regret of all parties interested, her husband, Hon. Alphonso Hart, having been appointed to an office that required the removal of his family to Washington, D. C. We were deprived also of her services in our local work; this we felt a very great loss. Mrs. McSurely was appointed vice-president in Mrs. Hart's place from the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Mary B. Murray, first vice-president from the Methodist Episcopal Church for the local Union.

About this time, November 23, 1889, Mr. George Woodford, of national fame, came by invitation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to give Hillsboro a week of his temperance zeal and eloquence. Much good resulted; but as our secretary, Mrs. Charles Harsha, says in her minutes, "We can never know the result Mr. Woodford's meetings until we all meet at the judgment seat where the men and youths of this town must face the God of justice, in the

presence of the man who tried so hard to save them from a fate worse than death."

Mrs. Mary B. Murray, president of the Y's and a kind and efficient aid to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was about this time, December 1, 1889, induced, at the earnest request of Mrs. E. J. Thompson, to accept the position of president *pro tem.* during a season of severe illness in her family. Thus seconded by her good husband, Rev. James Murray, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when the bugle-note from our chieftain, Miss Willard, sounded the call for a "Crusade camp-fire" in Hillsboro, December 23, 1889, to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary, they were "willing" and earnest, and, together with other faithful and tried White Ribboners in the Crusade town and the State, the work moved forward.

The "camp-fire" of December, 1889, at the "Old Fort" of the Crusade, was a vigorous demonstration, and at this late day memory seems to bring out in clear-cut outline our dear chieftain, with her inspiring presence and "wonderful words." Miss Elizabeth Scoville, whose "Bible-readings" are still treasured as inspired and helpful through so many years, was here from her Southern home, and Anna Gordon, the beloved "indispensable," whom our children love to remember. Then we had the faithful Sunday

Observance National Superintendent Mrs. Bateum; also Mrs. Peters, the generous donor of the beautiful *and useful* "Crusade Bible-case." But the executive power behind the throne (and often upon it) was our own unselfish State president, Mrs. Monroe. She came to our rescue with wise plans, and being, with Mrs. Clevenger, State corresponding secretary, guests of Rev. and Mrs. Murray, they combined, with our own workers, to make the occasion equal to Miss Willard's highest anticipations.

These retrospective views are instructive; but what shall we say of the "harvest" which is now "white for the reapers;" of the noble English woman of titled distinction, whose heart hath been touched, to bring in such rich grain and stately sheaves for the Master? The tender association that exists between our own Frances E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, to my mind, is a sure indication of God's special care and helpfulness in the "battle" that is "not ours," *but "His."*

I, who sit and watch, in my *eightieth year*, the work going on in this great "harvest-field," and catch glimpses of inspiration from the "white ribbons" that gleam "around the world," and especially across the ocean blue, at the great London Convention, feel my grasp loosen upon the busy laborers; yet quietly and peacefully

the faith that *inspired* and has sustained this movement, which is "not of ourselves but the gift of God," grows more steadfast in the ultimate result—of self-sacrifice and sobriety.

IV.

MY MOTHER'S YEARS APPROACHING LIFE'S SUNSET.

IV.

MY MOTHER'S YEARS APPROACHING LIFE'S SUNSET.

"Faces looking into the sunset are golden."
—F. W. Faber.

TO write of the years of one who descends the hill of life as gracefully and bravely as my mother, is a theme for a more capable pen than mine; but the daughter's hand that so often placed the "old arm-chair," that in pride arranged the fleecy white becoming cap and graceful shawl; the heart that always throbbed in sympathy with the "White Ribbon," and had cozy, loving chats over the fireside about home interests, and domestic occupations, is perhaps the one to follow her gently down life's decline. We often said to each other, too,

"So many links have softly
Dropped from sight,
So many names are now in
Sadness spoken,—names
Once so bright."

The beginning of my mother's approaching sunset years brought me to a period in my own

life when bereavement caused me to change homes, and return a widow to reside with and assist my parents during their declining years. Mother had lived through many sorrows and bereavements of her eventful life, and my heart often found solace in her love and tender sympathy.

Years had passed since she led the heroic temperance band forward that bleak winter morning, in Hillsboro, Ohio (December 23, 1873), and broke the snow and ice, not only of weather, but also public opinion, and inaugurated the Ohio Woman's Crusade,—

> "That pleading voice rose calm and sweet
> From woman's earnest tongue,
> And Riot turned her scowling glance,
> Awed from her tranquil countenance."

The "sober after-thought" of this great movement had crystallized into the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," and mother's temperance work now was the presidency of the Hillsboro Union, attending National and State Conventions, a correspondence in all parts of our own and other countries with the temperance workers, and the highest work her prayers for the cause and the laborers.

Neither my mother's face, manner, nor disposition had changed much to me with the flight

FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

of years. My earliest recollection of her was that she was very cheerful, and I thought beautiful. She had to me a poetic face, something like Mrs. Sigourney's—such soft brown eyes and lovely curls. I remember once, when I was a young girl away from home (and I suspect home-sick), I purchased a beautiful jewel, and searched in vain for the "gold-stone" that looked like mother's eyes, which the jeweler failed to find to my satisfaction. My sketch is only a brief recital of a few incidents of a remarkable descent of life. Mother would shrink from allowing the world to know her best attributes and most unselfish acts; but when her "works follow her," many appreciative pens will call her "blessed."

The old home which had been the residence of my parents, Judge and Mrs. Thompson, since their removal from "Dewy Lawn," my father's beautiful residence in my childhood, was an inheritance of my mother from her father, Governor Trimble, having been her parents' home, and built by her father.

> "More dear, as years on years advance,
> We prize the old inheritance,
> And feel, as far and wide we roam,
> That all we seek we have at home."

It had all the old landmarks when I returned again to it, and the combination of my furniture, pictures, rugs, and smaller treasures added com-

fort and beauty to the rooms, already handsomely furnished with old-time and modern furniture. Partly from taste, and also for convenience, my parents selected for their room the back parlor with a northern view and indoor passage-way to the dining-room; for the old home was built with the general entrance to the dining-room from a southern porch, and although in the summer the view, the vines, and the green grass made it charming, when the winter storms came, delicate persons needed cloaks, and indeed sometimes umbrellas had a mission; and only that we knew in the Southern States, the kitchens were sometimes so far removed from the house that the hot buckwheat cakes were carried on horseback to the dining-room, could we feel our architecture had made wonderful strides. But the lack of convenience in the old home was more than atoned for by the large, hospitable halls and rooms, and by the sacred memories and echo of silent footsteps, which made the old Southern porch especially dear; for all loved it. The little birds sang their first sweet spring carols near its low windows, and sought shelter from the winter storms in the bushes near the dining-room door. There had been much hospitality in all the years past in the old home, but, as the years of my mother's life increased, came bereavements in quick succession, oftentimes also fam-

THE SOUTHERN PORCH.

ily illness, curtailing the usual entertainments; but the latch-string was always out, and a guest was no innovation.

That my father's charming sisters could so seldom visit Hillsboro of late years has been a family regret, and a cherished memory is the last visit of Mrs. Maria Daviess, with her daughter Anna; my father's sister, and schoolmate in youth, of whose talent Kentucky is so proud, whose heart is as gentle as the south wind, and whose face is also turned to the golden sunset.

Among the guests at the old home, none afforded my mother more pleasure than Miss Frances E. Willard and charming Miss Anna Gordon. They visited us several times in the interests of their work, and Miss Willard addressed large temperance audiences, and the people were permitted to hear the peer of woman speakers. Mother loved to call Miss Willard her dear daughter and leader; and after her mother passed to the "Home over there," the affectionate appreciation was even more dear to the great and good and lovely woman, the leader of us all. Other prominent temperance workers were my mother's guests,—the lamented Mrs. Woodbridge, and Ohio's president, Mrs. Monroe; and secretary, Mrs. Clevenger; and Mrs. Perkins, of Cleveland; and Mrs. Hunt, of Boston; Mrs. Yeo-

mans, of Canada,—all so dear to the cause, and heart of their hostess. I was the only child at home when the approaching sunset years brought the Golden Wedding. The description I insert from the report of Mrs. D. K. Fenner, written for the *Union Signal.*

Let our first secretary, Mrs. Mary B. Fenner, tell the story, as appointed by the Hillsboro Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the *Union Signal*, September 28, 1887:

"Some friendly little bird having whispered that the Golden Wedding was at hand, the idea suggested itself to the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union that here was a fitting and delightful opportunity of testifying their affectionate appreciation of Mrs. Thompson's unflinching devotion to the cause, typified in all its ramifications by the white ribbon, as also their personal esteem and respect; the outgrowth of thirteen years' intercourse and companionship in the work of putting down intemperance, during all of which time she has been the honored president of the local Union.

"Ideas soon take form when hands and hearts work together, and in a few days little white-winged messengers were flying over the length and breadth of the land, bidding guests to the Golden Wedding.

"The list of invitations included the Crusaders, signers of the Guarantee Fund, members of the Hillsboro bar, mayor and city officials, officers of the Churches, the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, State presidents, and National officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in all about four hundred and fifty.

"The reception was given in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and on the appointed evening, September 21st, a large and elegant assemblage gathered in the audience-room. Brave men and fair women were there, but the admiration and interest of all the goodly company were centered on the little bride and her tall and still handsome husband.

"Seated on the platform with Judge and Mrs. Thompson were Rev. D. W. Clark, pastor of the Church; Rev. Dr. Ketcham, late pastor of the same; Rev. W. J. McSurely, of the Presbyterian Church; Mrs. Monroe, president of the State Union; Mrs. Clevenger, corresponding secretary of the same; Mrs. Hart, vice-president of the local Union, and several of the older members of the Union.

"Rev. W. J. McSurely, who presided at the first Crusade meeting, occupied the chair on this occasion. His cordial congratulations were responded to by Judge Thompson in a most characteristic speech, genial, poetical, and touching.

"Mrs. Hart's address on behalf of the local Union was short, but gem-like in its perfect finish, pure color, and chaste setting.

"Mrs. Henrietta L. Monroe, of Xenia, president of the State Union, followed in an address of rare elegance, strength, and beauty. She gave a brief outline of the origin of the Crusade, the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and its present widespread influence and working power. No one who heard her could fail to be impressed with the importance and influence of the White-ribbon organization, and of the immensity of the work it is doing.

"Mrs. Monroe closed with a touching and eloquent tribute to Mrs. Thompson, and then presented to her, on

behalf of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a testimonial, engrossed in gold on vellum, and framed in gold and antique oak. The reader will at once recognize Miss Willard's facile pen:

"'1837–1887. Headquarters Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Eliza Trimble Thompson, of Hillsboro, Ohio, leader of the first Praying Band in the Woman's Temperance Crusade, on the occasion of her Golden Wedding, September 21, 1887.'

"'To have been the first woman who ever attended a National Temperance Convention; to have led the pioneer band in that heroic movement of which the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the organic form; to have made Hillsboro known to the world as the cradle of the Crusade; to have impressed your name upon the history of your country,—all this is much; but to have worn so loyally the crown of daughter, sister, wife, and mother; to have won friends, wherever the sacred cause of temperance is loved, and to have exhibited in public life and home's sweet ministries a faith

"That when in darkness knows no fear,
In danger feels no doubt,"

is more. You stand upon the heights of answered prayer, and we, your comrades, whom your unwavering cheerfulness has many times animated, wave to you from the plain and thickest of the fight our

"God bless you and yours on this auspicious day."

"'In Behalf of the W. C. T. U., etc.'"

"After the reading of this testimonial, Mrs. Monroe unveiled Ohio's offering; at the sight of which a murmur of delighted surprise ran through the house. It was a tall urn, Etruscan in shape, of gold bronze, ex-

THE PARLOR.

quisitely chased and hammered. Suspended by a gold chain from the handle is a twenty-dollar gold-piece, bearing on the obverse side the inscription, '1837–1887, Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson, leader of the Crusade, from the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union.' On the reverse, an engraved representation of the Crusade Church with the date 'December 23, 1873.'

"Mrs. Thompson's response to these tributes of loving congratulation was made in her usual quiet, conversational manner, and showed her appreciation of the ovation given her, but she confessed herself dazed and bewildered with surprise, and said: 'The bride should not be expected to do too much at the wedding.'

"The pastor of the Church, Rev. D. W. Clark, read the congratulatory telegrams. They had come from nearly every State and Territory in the Union, and all bore most kindly greetings.

"At the close of these formal exercises the invited guests repaired to the lecture-room, where they were seated and served with refreshments, in number about one hundred. At the close of the banquet, Rev. D. W. Clark, on behalf of Mrs. Marie Thompson Rives, presented to the Hillsboro bar a full-length, life-size portrait of her father. It was unveiled by Mrs. Sarah Thompson Collins, the granddaughter of Judge Thompson, and accepted on behalf of the bar by Hon. Alphonso Hart, in a pleasant, cordial, and appropriate speech.

"Then followed the reading of a beautiful poem by J. L. Boardman, Esq., an address and reading of letters by Mrs. Antoinette H. Clevenger, the reading of letters from former pastors and presiding elders, and more telegrams. Among the gifts were noticeable several little satin purses of blue and white, on which, in letters of gold were the words: 'Our testimonial, Maryland

W. C. T. U.;' 'Our testimonial, New Hampshire W. C. T. U.;' 'Our testimonial, New Jersey W. C. T. U.,' 'Our testimonial, Pastors and Elders, Hillsboro M. E. Church;' 'Our testimonial, W. C. T. U.' These contained (in various amounts—gold pieces) the cash value of checks sent by the several State Unions whose names they bear, and for whom the time was too short to allow of sending a testimonial in any other form.

"At the close of the evening many old friends, one of whom, Judge William Meek, had been a guest at the first wedding, fifty years before, pressed forward to express personally to Judge and Mrs. Thompson their congratulations, and wishes for both a long, happy, and useful future."

The congratulations and gifts of many relatives and prominent social friends were received, none more appreciated than the golden lamp from Mrs. Rufus King, and the "History of Prussia," in which is inscribed: "To James H. and Eliza J. Thompson, from Herbert Tuttle."

My mother's fine qualities as a nurse, of patience, attention, and tenderness, can be testified to by physicians, husband, children, parents, and many to whom she ministered as "unto Him." Months of frail health and delicate strength kept her near me, and the days were cheerful because of her devotion, and "never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night." Her family physician and nephew, Dr. Henry M. Brown, often called her "the General" because

of her fine executive qualities, and Dr. W. W. Glenn, of Hillsboro, and other physicians appreciated her disposition of endurance and helpfulness in the sick-room.

Apparently she bore separation by death with unusual heart-fortitude; but it was unselfish, for the sake of others. Every family death changed her, and broke her heroic spirit. "Kisses became more holy, and partings touched the soul to deeper woe."

She often talked to me about the many family bereavements, and told me of her "blessed dreams" that her angel children welcomed her home, when she would retire "weary of earth," and, perhaps, physically a little ill. She ever misses the companionship of her gifted, first-born son, Allen T. Thompson, one of the heroes of life, made great by suffering and triumph, and his Christian victories stimulated her own Christian walk and zeal. "Gentle Anna's" lovely life and death are a vision of beauty which always dim her spectacles to talk about; and the California mementos of dear brother Joseph break her down completely, as do dear Sarah's little treasures; and names so dear to her widowed daughters are always sacred to her.

Although her parents both passed away at a very advanced age, her memories and conversation about them have all the freshness and sin-

cerity of the request, "Make me a child again, just for to-night," as she tells us, in the evenings, around the cheerful fireside and bright lamp, of their devotion and munificence towards her. She ever misses her brothers, and feels stricken as she stands the only one left of the large family circle.

My mother was a delegate-at-large to all the National and Ohio State Conventions of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and her presence was called a benediction, and her characteristic and earnest speeches much appreciated. She was always honored by Miss Willard, the National and State officers, and all the workers; and she returned home invigorated in health, and strengthened in spiritual life to labor.

She greatly enjoys a personal acquaintance with Lady Henry Somerset, England's great leader and White Ribbon temperance advocate, whose gifts and social graces win all hearts.

Rev. Thomas J. Melish and Rev. Peter Tinsley, D. D., were guests at our home during an Episcopal Convocation. These prominent clergymen spoke of her unusual cheerfulness and vivacity, and how well life's lessons had been learned by her and imparted to others.

Although one of the most devoted Methodists of her age, in early life having imbibed

from her grandmother, Jane Trimble, all the zeal of pioneer Christianity, in her later years the distance of her home from the church, much sickness in the family, and oftentimes her own delicate health, curtails her public worship. Her home spirit of patience, self-denial, and cheerfulness about it, makes her own soul expand, and through her example, that of others; and who can tell but in the closet, with closed doors, when she would fain be at Church, her prayers do more to build up Christ's kingdom than uninterrupted Church attendance? She attends as faithfully as possible her Sunday afternoon class-meeting, and always finds comfort and help from her class-leader and friend, Mr. Chaney. Rev. Dr. Marlay says of her: "As Mrs. Thompson's pastor for three years, I had every opportunity to study her religious character and understand it. I esteemed her as one of the most efficient helpers, and as one of the noblest and most devoted Christian women I had ever known. How much, and in how many ways, she has helped her pastors and her Church, eternity alone can reveal. Others, doubtless, will speak more fully of her connection with the ever-memorable Crusade. That work, it seems to me, must forever stand as the crowning glory of her life; for undoubtedly it was a divine inspiration; and it

was moreover, as I believe, the most effective and far-reaching temperance movement the world has ever seen."

Morning prayer is a regular service at our home, conducted by mother, and her prayers will be a sacred legacy to her children.

It is difficult to class her occupations, even in later years; for she has always been a busy woman,—housekeeping and all home interests always faithfully and successfully attended to; sewing and knitting, which, with her, are accomplishments as well as occupations; general reading; diligent Bible study; a large family, general and temperance correspondence; social calls at home and upon old acquaintances. She is very fond of her neighbors, and appreciates, as much as any one I ever knew, greetings of dear friends, and sweet children, and faithful domestics. Her cheerfulness, humor, and sympathetic qualities endear her to all classes.

My mother's religious interest in the colored people, and their devotion to her, is genuine.

Her later years have been much helped over the cares of domestic life by the faithfulness and efficiency of those who have lived with her for many years.

Several years after my return to the old home, my brother Henry came from Colorado, where he had been living, to visit his parents, who prevailed

upon him to give up business prospects away from home, and remain to cheer and aid the small family circle.

Both my brothers, Henry B. and John B. Thompson, of Salt Lake City, have added much serenity to the declining years of my parents by their devotion and helpfulness. One noble grandson, George A. Thompson, of Xenia, Ohio, his lovely family and mother, Mrs. Allen Thompson, are a source of affectionate interest and pride.

When bereavement broke up Mrs. Herbert Tuttle's charming "Cornell" home, "sister Mary arranged her life to pass a part of the time with her parents, and to solace herself by home sympathy and companionship, and the old home has again what it has so long missed—her society and artistic taste.

Time deals gently with my dear father also, whose declining years are unusually vigorous, mentally and physically. My parents' devotion to each other needs no pen to herald it; and no home scene comes closer to my heart than to see them in the evening of life still together, and with so much left them to enjoy.

Occasionally June roses bring family reunions of unusual pleasure, when the devoted sisters of many years, Mrs. Joseph Trimble and my mother, can weave in conversation a tapestry of loving memories; and the attractive nieces, who

love and admire Aunt "Eliza," flit through the old halls and rooms, sweet with the precious perfume, and tender echo of "Auld Lang Syne."

As I close these pages, the summer of 1895 is bringing my mother's seventy-ninth birthday. The rich temperance fruitage brought together the great London Convention of June, which Miss Frances E. Willard says is the outcome of the inspired work of the Crusade.

That my mother could not attend the London Convention and accept the hospitality of Lady Henry Somerset was a mutual regret, as the resolution passed at Queen's Hall during the World's Convention attests:

"*Resolved*, That we rejoice in the presence of our beloved Mother Stewart, and applaud the courage that led her to cross the sea in her eightieth year that she might impart to us the inspiration of her presence and her voice.

"That to Mrs. Judge Thompson, of Hillsboro, Ohio, leader of the first Prayer Band, we hereby send the assurance that we have missed her gentle and womanly presence, and that the Crusade Bible and Crusade Psalm have been to us hallowed reminders of the brave stand she took when she was called to lead the women of Hillsboro, Ohio, in the great Crusade now known and felt the world around."

December, 1895, will bring the twenty-second anniversary of the Ohio Crusade. The snow will fall gently where noble workers are at rest.

"Flashing o'er the pathway white," the mighty work will go on, and in quiet homes the Mother Leaders will look out upon the scene, where Right is growing stronger, and "Righteousness that exalteth a nation" is spreading more rapidly because of woman's courage and faithful prayers.

V.

MY FRIEND MRS. THOMPSON

And the Present Condition of the Temperance Work,

BY

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

MISS WILLARD.

V.

EVERY whirlwind has its first leaf; for the laws of motion oblige it to begin somewhere in particular. Other leaves are gathered in so rapidly that it is usually impossible to tell which one stirred first; but whichever that one was, with it the whirlwind began.

The "Ohio Crusade" has passed into history; the "Ohio Crusaders" have won an inextinguishable fame. The "Women of the West" who led the "Whisky War," as it is called throughout the British Empire, gained for themselves, without intending it, the pioneer place in that great Woman's Temperance Movement that now belts the globe. The whirlwind of the Lord began in the little town of Hillsboro, on the 23d of December, 1873. There the Pentecost of God descended, and seventy women, without the slightest preconcerted plan, lifted their hands as silent witnesses, when asked by the good ministers and the famous lecturer if they were willing to go out from their homes and pray in the places where their husbands, sons, and brothers were tempted to

their ruin. There the Crusade Psalm was read; a rallying cry, "Give to the winds thy fears," was sung; and the first silent, prayerful procession of wives and mothers moved along Ohio streets. The gentle-hearted woman whom they chose as their leader by spontaneous acclamation was one whose heart had been mellowed by glorious discipline and sorrow. Away back in 1836, she had accompanied her father, then an Ohio delegate to the National Temperance Convention held in Saratoga, New York, and when, at his request, she went with him to the door of the hotel dining-room, which afforded ample accommodation for all the delegates in that rudimentary period of the movement, and he asked her to enter with him, Eliza Thompson, who was a girl of but twenty years, naturally hesitated, saying to her stout-hearted sire: "Why, father, I am afraid to go in. I looked through the door, and there were no women present, only men." Upon this the governor exclaimed: "Come right along with me; my daughter must never be afraid in a good cause!" And taking her by the arm, he introduced the first woman who ever entered a National Temperance Convention in the United States. Who shall say that in this scene—how much more worthy of a painter than most of the subjects that they choose!—we have not a prophecy of what was to transpire nearly forty years

later in the town of that sweet girl's nativity? Ancestry counts for much, and it should never be forgotten in our study of heredity, that the leader of the Crusade came of a long line of devout Christian ancestors, whose earlier history dated back to Virginia, that famous State which was the home of George Washington, and is known in history as the "Mother of Presidents."

The first time that I ever saw Mrs. Judge Thompson she was seated on the platform on the right of Mrs. Jane Fowler Willing, the president of the Convention in Cleveland, November, 1874, at which the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized. I came to the Convention from Evanston, Illinois, where I had resigned a professorship in the Northwestern University, only a few months before. Never having been a temperance worker, I had no knowledge of the persons of the Crusade save such as an intelligent reader was able to gather from the current press. Of Mrs. Thompson and Mother Stewart I had heard; but I had no prevision as to who was entitled to the high honor of being called the leader of the first Praying Band of the Crusade. But in Cleveland this question was settled for all time. While Mother Stewart was applauded as "a burning and shining light," whose natural gifts of speech and dauntless bravery would forever make her a central figure

in the Crusade picture, it was taken as a matter of course that the quiet, low-voiced, motherly little woman on the platform was "first in war" even as she has always been "first in peace." It was freely said, that in Washington Court-house, where the Crusade broke out the day following its manifestation in Hillsboro, greater results were reached, and that hence the fire spread with a steady flame; but the women of Hillsboro were "in at the birth," and Hillsboro is the cradle, even as Washington Court-house is the crown, of the Crusade.

So far as I can learn, the women of Hillsboro put forward no claim, nor did their leader. Perhaps this was because there was no need for them to do so; and to my mind, the strongest confirmation of their deserved pre-eminence is the quiet, gentle, peace-making spirit that they have shown from the beginning. For my part, I can testify that it has only been "by the hardest" that her comrades have been able to induce Mrs. Thompson to come forward and gently take her place as "leader of the first Praying Band." On some notable occasions this typical woman of the home, the Church, and school has stood forth as a historic figure. Who of us whose lot has been cast as an officer or delegate to the National Convention since the beginning, can forget the genial, smiling presence and piquant words of that Cru-

sade mother whom we all love so much? To hear her tell the story of the way in which the movement broke out in Hillsboro is an experience to be cherished for a lifetime. Her quaint, refined presence; her mild, motherly face, framed in its little cap; her soft voice; her peculiar manner of utterance, combining remarkable originality with the utmost gentleness and good breeding; her inimitable humor; and, most characteristic of all, her deep, abiding faith in God and in humanity,—all these have made an indelible impression, and helped, beyond what we can at all estimate, to form the character of the White Ribbon Movement. Naturally of a conservative disposition, Mrs. Thompson has, nevertheless, kept time to the company's music; she has taken every wave of the onrolling tide of impulse that we believe to be from God, as a strong swimmer breasts the incoming waves of the sea. It was no trifle for a woman with the traditions of "Old Virginia" to accept our woman's suffrage resolution away back in 1877; and the beauty of it was, that her manner of announcing the faith that was within her lent so much of quiet strength to the decision of the Convention. It was the same when we avowed our fealty to the Prohibition party in 1884, and when, at Cleveland recently, the proposition was put forward to have a vice-president-at-large, who should represent

the president in her absence. Although twenty years had passed since the Crusade, her "eye was not dimmed nor her natural force abated;" and I never have known a Convention more amused, convinced, unified, than by her inimitable little speech upon that question.

At this distance it can do no harm to refer to the incident that accompanied the lamented departure of a dozen good women, headed by one who was at that time a well-known leader in our councils. I refer to the non-partisan exodus in Battery D, Chicago, at the Annual Convention of 1889. When these sisters, thirteen in number, out of a Convention of four hundred or thereabouts, retired from the scene, I asked if there were not other women from Iowa, the State that had contributed most of the departing delegates, who would fill up the vacancies; and from forty to fifty Hawkeye White Ribboners crowded forward amid the plaudits of the Convention. Mary T. Lathrap then rose, and, with her usual dignity and grace, offered a resolution of respect and regret, which was unanimously adopted; after which Mrs. Thompson came forward, it being now late at night, later indeed than a woman of her age should have been out at a public meeting—and I dare say the like had never happened her before, and never will again—and, with a gesture of mingled drollery and pathos, threw around my

shoulders the shawl she had worn in the Crusade procession, and standing beside me called on the delegates to rally. It was one of the most inspired moments that I have ever witnessed. The whole Convention rose, crowding together, and we sang the song that Mother Thompson—for so we love to call her in these later years—had given out when the first Praying Band moved forward:

"Give to the winds thy fears."

Best of all, this dramatic action was wholly unpremeditated. Mother Thompson had brought the shawl to give it to me as a surprise; she had no idea that our sisters contemplated leaving us; but she is that kind of a woman. She has her forces well in hand; she is imperturbable; as Garfield said of his true-hearted wife, "She is unstampedeable." This great quality is not only inherited and innate, but comes of the culture of a lifetime in "the peace of God that passeth understanding."

It was my good fortune, as far back as 1876, to make a tour among the Crusaders of Ohio, visiting well-nigh forty of their towns and villages. I could write a volume on the history, experience, and inspiration of that memorable pilgrimage. It was one of the few times in my life that I ever went forth alone; and I was mothered in the homes of those devoted women

with a tenderness that will never be forgotten. My own stipulation in making the trip was that I should go to Hillsboro, the home of Mrs. Thompson, and to Springfield, the home of Mother Stewart, in both of which we took sweet counsel together.

Mrs. Thompson's home is the old family mansion where the governor spent all his days, and which he bequeathed to his beloved only daughter. It stands on a slight ascent and in a wooded grove, at the edge of a well-built town of four thousand inhabitants, and is roomy and hospitable as heart could wish. Here I met Judge Thompson, the genial, witty lawyer, and husband of our leader; Mrs. Marie Thompson Rives, the accomplished elder daughter; and Henry Thompson, the youth who brought the tidings to his mother that she was expected at the church on that memorable morning. I longed to see that lovely younger daughter, who from her pocket Bible brought to her mother the Crusade Psalm, that is the Magna Charta of the White Ribbon Movement; but she was gone, having been married to Herbert Tuttle, the distinguished professor in Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

Those were delightful days in that happy home. We visited the famous Crusade Church, and made the acquaintance of its pastor, the

Rev. Dr. McSurely, who befriended the women from first to last in all their work. We held meetings in the basement of his church, where the first Crusade Praying Band convened; we read the Crusade Psalm from the old Bible, and sang the Crusade hymn. And I have now in my den at home, given me by dear Mrs. Thompson, a relic of the Crusade days from a Hillsboro saloon, one of the first ever visited. There she is living still, our Crusade mother, surrounded by her dear ones. It is fortunate for us that we have the record of the "beginnings of things" in the movement of which we are a part, penned by the faithful hand whose chirography I seem to see, "plainer than print," as I dictate these words to my stenographer here in Eastnor Castle, England, a place which I should never have beheld, in a country which would probably never have been like home to me, except for her; but which is now mapped out to the White Ribbon Movement, and led by the choicest flower of the nobility of England. And all this is because there were women who dared, women who believed in God, and went bravely forward when the Divine call had touched their hearts; and of them all, Eliza Trimble Thompson was the leader.

MAY, 20, 1895.

VI.

LETTER OF LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

LADY SOMERSET.

London, August 15, 1893.

DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND:

Your charming letter has just been read to Miss Willard and to me, and as Miss Willard is going to send a line, I add this word of affectionate remembrance. You are doing a service to the cause that will be more and more appreciated as time goes on in giving to the great White Ribbon Army an authentic record of those Origines, concerning which you can so truly say: "All of which I saw, and part of which I was."

We all think your Sketches should appear in book-form, and marvel that you have so clear and bright a pen, both figuratively and literally, after your lifetime of care and toil.

I have been waiting in the hopes of being able to send you one of my large photographs; but as they are not yet finished, I send you this. The other shall come to you as soon as possible, and will be framed, so that, if you care to hang it up, you will look sometimes on the face of one who has for you the deepest sympathy and admiration.

Please remember me to Judge Thompson and your sons and daughters, of whom Miss Willard has often spoken.

Hoping to see you in Chicago, I am yours ever affectionately, in White Ribbon bonds,

ISABEL SOMERSET.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Thompson in Literature—Autobiography of a Baby—Episodes in 1837—Fragmentary Writings.

MRS. THOMPSON "felt the poetry of life." Harmony was her prominent characteristic. Her ideals and conduct were in such tune that it was not necessary for her to exercise herself in literal rhythm and rhyme; but the following poems from her pen show that she could so express herself when she chose to.

WRITTEN JANUARY 14, 1873.

Flow softly, sweet Shiloah, and as thy waves roll,
We 'll sing of thy power to rescue the soul
From sin and from darkness, from death and from woe,
And hail thee, as onward thro' earth thou dost go.

Flow softly, O Shiloah, among our lost race,
Murmuring notes of redemption, bid all come and taste;
Thy waters so pure and so cooling they seem,
Sure all who behold thee will drink of thy stream.

Then flow, lovely Shiloah, flow on in thy might,
Till the world shall be gladdened by waters so bright;
Then sin and pollution, war, carnage, and blood,
Shall pass from our earth, made pure by thy flood.

How placid, O Shiloah, shall thy current then be,
When the joy of lost Eden once we shall see,
The rose in the wilderness, blooming and sweet,
Lov'd voices of praise in the desert we 'll greet.

All nations and kindred one language will speak,
No need shall there be a lost neighbor to seek;
For all, from the least to the greatest, must know
The joy of salvation, so free it will flow.

We praise Thee, dear Savior, for love so divine,
Sending "peace and good will" into every clime;
Blessed Shiloah, flow on, and hasten, we pray,
The glory, the bliss, of "Millennial" day!

"These lines were composed one night while watching with my dear mother, a short time before she passed away:" Mrs. Thompson's Memorandum.

Why, O my soul, do fears arise,
And gloomy thoughts becloud the skies?
"Behold yon bow,"—it seems to say,
"My grace is ever as thy day."

"I go before thee," hear Him say;
"The darkest night shall turn to day,
Gates of brass I 'll open wide,
And bars of iron turn aside."

"Rough paths I 'll henceforth smooth for thee,
And crooked ways shall straightened be;
All this I 'll do, and not forsake
Those who in covenant love I take."

Blest Savior, let me ever be
Firm in my faith, and love to Thee;
Let naught of earth my heart ensnare,
But on my Father cast my care.

Then when the waves of Jordan roll
Around my blood-bought, weary soul,
Bear me in Thy beloved embrace
To heaven, Thy holy dwelling place.

Mrs. Thompson had, in her girlhood, womanhood, and early married life, read good literature. Her husband spent the long winter evenings reading aloud from classic authors; but later on the thoughts that sustained her were not selections from Shakespeare, Milton, or Burns, nor even her dear "Hannah More," but the daily study of her Bible, Life of the Wesleys, and memorized thoughts from the famous hymn-writers. She was especially fond of these lines from Dr. Isaac Watts:

"Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!"

Yet, if occasion demanded, she would cheerfully read aloud to others modern books. The daily paper, *The Western Christian Advocate, The Union Signal, The New Voice,* were looked over with a real zest to the very last months of her life.

The Bible, with its vivid pictures and powerful positions, appealed to her histrionic sense. It awoke

all the poetry and imaginative gift within her. One who knows this is not surprised that she contemplated writing a devotional volume, to be poeticallly entitled, "Stones from the Bed of Jordan: What mean ye by these Stones?" Among her papers is a stray leaf of loose manuscript, which reads as follows:

"The obscure yet thoughtful mother, who prepared the five barley-loaves and two small fishes for her boy, that he might not hunger while following the Master into the desert, little dreamed those brown loaves would be honored by Christ Himself in feeding the five thousand; yet it was so; and who shall say that her heart was not inspired to make this provision for God's plan of feeding the multitude? It is a great privilege to be chosen as the medium through which our God works His grand designs."

Autobiography of a Baby.

Sympathetic appreciation of child-life, ability to interpret and communicate with it, has been a characteristic of many noble spirits. That Mrs. Thompson was pre-eminent in this is fully illustrated in the following sketch written at the request of the editor of *The Young Crusader,* 1899:

> "'The face of death is toward the Sun of Life;
> His shadow darkens earth; his truer name
> Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll
> And march of the Eternal Harmony.'
>
> (Tennyson.)

"The old Family Record says:

"'ELIZA JANE TRIMBLE,
BORN AUGUST 24, 1816,
HILLSBORO, OHIO.'

"There was nothing remarkable in the arrival of this atom of creation, save that a little baby girl was introduced into a family group of grandma, father and mother, five uncles, and four brothers. This novelty—a little baby girl—promised much delight. But, alas for human hope! in a few hours tears and sighs were substituted for the brief rejoicings as the announcement went forth from that darkened room, 'The child is dead.' The 'christening robe' took the place of the first simple, soft, tiny wrapper so tenderly prepared by the thoughtful mother, and kisses and tears were showered by a father whose beautiful dream of a daughter had so quickly vanished. Just at this crisis, however, an arrival that had been greatly desired was announced. A lovely old lady, attired in faultless drab, one of the good Samaritans of the 'Wilderness,' quietly entered, and, softly approaching the stricken mother, stopped to kiss her, saying as she did so: 'My dear daughter, I was detained to render service in a very sad, poor family; but I left thy cause in the Father's hands, and it must be well.' She then, with a grandmother's loving tenderness, lifted the dainty covering from the (supposed) miniature corpse, and, after skillful research, signs of remaining life were discovered, and in her noiseless way preparations were quickly made for the testing. Soon it was with this

child as with the little daughter of Jairus, 'Her spirit came again, and her parents were astonished.'

"The breakfast 'feast' that followed, at the suggestion of the overjoyed father, was from earliest memory one of the stories in that home, so captivating that it could not be too often repeated by the faithful old cook who proudly officiated on the occasion. 'The new extension table of olden style,' seating fourteen, was brought into requisition for the first time, and seven aunts, grandmothers two, three faithful neighbors, the happy father, and reliable housekeeper completed the group which surrounded this table. Dear Grandma Trimble 'asked the blessing' on that memorable morning, and 'Aunt Sarah' usually finished her description of the 'feast of fat things' by exclaiming, 'And I jist tell you, chile, I ain't never heard no sich a blessin' since. Why, dey wus all a-cryin' and a-laffin' bof at that breakfus.'

"Little Eliza Jane—so she was christened—did not begin to walk until she was three years old. It seems that she could not make up her mind to take a step until one day her father, returning from Columbus, took out a beautiful blue silk-embossed satchel with silver stars, and said, 'Come! if you will walk toward me I will give you this.' She started and ran. He caught her in his arms, and, from that time on, her walk was characterized by unusual alertness. Naturally this little girl was a great pet among so many uncles and brothers, to say nothing of the grandmothers and the devoted parents. The father and one uncle had just served in the War of 1812, and the

serious wound received by Colonel William A. Trimble at the battle of Lake Erie was a subject of family conversation which caused the child to ever associate war with miserable consequences; but nevertheless she admired the swords and regimentals quite as much as she did her little spinning-wheel, or possibly her beautiful little piano. But nothing aroused her real admiration to such a degree as did the wild, spotted deer, whose variegated horns looked so wonderful to her as he would make a plunge from the roof of the house on a winter morning, or take a leap through the bake-oven, when 'Patsy' left the door open and the chimney exposed. But, like all human joy, there came an end to his life one day, in consequence of having run his antlers through the fine yarn which the lovely Quaker mother had hung out to bleach in the sun. Such mischief could not be tolerated, she said, and so the dear creature was sacrificed; but Eliza would not eat a morsel of his venison. And when Grandmother Trimble, with whom she roomed, wanted her as usual to get up at midnight and say her prayers, she found herself quite rebellious at first.

"The uncle who had been wounded was now not only colonel in the regular army, but had been made United States Senator, and before starting for Washington City he stood his little niece on a table, put his arm around her and said to her father: 'If I live to return, brother, I want you to promise me that I may superintendent the education of Eliza.'

"By the return post there came material for a dress for this child, selected by the stately senator,

buff with pink rosebuds. When she went to school wearing this dress, her little companions said to each other, 'Don't speak to her; she thinks she is so grand because she 's got on a dress from Washington City.' Later this same uncle sent her a miniature Indian canoe, which he purchased when on his trip to Fort Dearborn with General Cass to make the treaty with the Indians. In the museum of Ann Arbor, Michigan, there is an exquisite tortoise-shell fan presented to the museum by Mrs. Thompson in honor of her cousin's memory, Ann Allen, whose husband founded Ann Arbor. They visited Hillsboro on their way to Ann Arbor, and Mrs. Allen gave Eliza the charming fan which now the 'Daughters of the American Revolution' of Ann Arbor value among their most beautiful treasures."

One of the inmates of the family at this time was an old Frenchman, who taught the four boys and their little sister, and the little French Testament from which Eliza was taught to read is now in the museum of Berne, Switzerland, having been presented by Mrs. Thompson to the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, to whom she was so truly devoted, took this Testament to the Convention at Berne, Switzerland, in 1902, and the new president of Berne Woman's Christian Temperance Union read from it, and then it was presented to the museum of Berne.

Miss Anna Gordon owns the little piano which belonged to Mrs. Thompson when she was a young girl, but the spinning-wheels are still in the old home.

Episodes

The following characteristic anecdote appeared in "A True Republic," as related by Mrs. Thompson of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who had charge at one time of the primary department of Miss Katherine Beecher's school, which was located in Cincinnati, Ohio, and which Mrs. Thompson as a young girl attended. It was the habit of Mrs. Stowe to take the children once a week for a walk or a stroll through the woods, botanizing. Her methods for the study of the child life and her ways of imparting knowledge to these little ones were wholly original, so that she fascinated her pupils. Object lessons, not text-books, but rather extemporaneous teachings, made even the children aware of the fact that they had a great woman to teach them. On these afternoons of recreation in the outdoor life she always selected from her sister Katherine's advanced pupils two or three young women to accompany her and the children. It oftentimes was Eliza Trimble's good fortune to be one of the chosen companions. On the occasion referred to she was walking very leisurely with Mrs. Stowe when she found herself startled by the question: "Eliza, what do the farmers' wives in your county call their husbands when speaking of them? You have a large acquaintance in rural districts; now, then, can't you remember?"

"Certainly I can," she replied in her usual quick manner. "Him" or "he," she said, without further hesitancy. Mrs. Stowe clasped her hands with joy

as she exclaimed: "Good. That is worth a hundred dollars to me!" And so it would seem that the realistic school and its methods began many years ago.

Other reminiscences of these days are of unique interest. Among these she related that she and one of her brothers rode on horseback from Hillsboro to Chillicothe to visit at "Fruithill," when she was about seventeen years of age. Governor McArthur was a host of good and cheerful conversational powers. He said, addressing Miss Trimble, "What do the girls up in Highland County do to get such roses in their cheeks? Can you not give my daughters some ideas on the subject?" "Buy Durham cows, and for each one a churn," quickly replied Eliza Jane Trimble. "Good!" exclaimed the governor; and ever afterward Duncan McArthur was a fast friend of the daughter of his contemporary, Allen Trimble.

Of course, the most thrilling event of the girlhood of Mrs. Thompson is related by her daughter, Mrs. Tuttle, in the Family Records, pages 21, 22, 23.

As a young woman she accompanied her father and one of her brothers to the East at the time the first railroad train was run over the primitive Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, the first link of what is now the New York Central Railway system. Governor De Witt Clinton invited the governors of other States to visit New York or old Schenectady at this time, and as Governor Trimble was always a progressive man he decided to take his young daughter and one of his sons to witness what the dear old grandmother at home called "tempting Providence." And she was

the woman, Jane Allen Trimble, who had swam Clinch River in company with three hundred emigrants, and had been called General Knox's aid-de-camp. But Mrs. Trimble, the beautiful Quakeress mother, aided the daughter in preparation for this trip. Young Eliza wore a bottle-green silk traveling dress; for she was not allowed to carry much luggage, and had to be dressed in a manner becoming any occasion. Governor Clinton had been a guest at her father's house in Hillsboro in 1825, when the ceremonies of inaugurating work on the construction of the Ohio Canal brought Governor Clinton to the State.

The visiting card of General Van Rensselaer is still hoarded away with other interesting souvenirs of this Schenectady trip in Governor Trimble's old State secretary. They also went to Saratoga at this time, as the governor wished to attend the first Temperance Convention. When they reached the hall, young Eliza drew back and said, "There are no women present; I do not want to go in."

He took her gently by the hand, and said "Come right along; never be ashamed to be alone in a good cause." Mr. William H. Dodge, of New York City, was presiding.

They also went to Boston on this trip, where they were handsomely entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Fairbanks. Mr. Fairbanks and Governor Trimble corresponded for years, and also Miss Caroline and Miss Eliza (Mrs. Thompson). "Suppose I should have a *chance* to go to England, will you accompany me?" Miss Fairbanks inquires of her friend Eliza in

1837. "Believe me, my dear friend," she continues, "I have never met any one away from my own fireside whom I so truly love. I had so long wished for a traveling companion, and I found it all in you."

Writings Found Among Mrs. Thompson's Papers.

The following from the pen of Mrs. Thompson, "A New-Year's Day in 1839," and printed afterward, not only gives us a lively picture of early social customs in a Western city, but finely illustrates Mrs. Thompson's enthusiasm for temperance and her ability to make an innovation and courageously stand for it:

"How slow, and yet how sure, are the developments of God's eternal purpose! So I thought, as I read in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* an account from 'Washington Special' of the hospitality of the National Capital on January 1, 1892, with this closing sentence:

" 'Not so many years gone by, the bowl of eggnog was seldom, if ever, omitted from the list of refreshments in every home upon hospitality bent. Yet to-day one is rarely tempted to indulge. Intoxicants of all kinds have been superseded in both official and private houses by the advent of bouillon and coffee and chocolate, as fancy may dictate or fashion ordain.'

"Vividly comes before me, as I read the above notice, a scene of our *first domicile* in Cincinnati, Ohio—on Fourth Street, near Pike—surrounded by charming homes, whose inmates were 'my own and

PORTRAIT OF MRS. THOMPSON ABOUT THIS TIME.

my father's friends,' and from whom we drew much of the joy of our early housekeeping experience. However, as the time drew near for the observance of that old and cherished custom, 'New-Year's calls,' and fully realizing that there would be no departures from the *eggnog* and *wine régime,* my heart grew anxious, for it had not been so in the dear old home of my girlhood. So I mused on these things quietly in my own heart, and having decided to be true to my own convictions and early education, even at the risk of being 'alone in a good cause,' I cheerfully set about planning for the *then* novel entertainment of coffee and chocolate.

"First, I invited Mrs. Alexander, a bright, lovable young widow, to receive with me. Mrs. A. was a Miss Anderson, and afterwards married Judge Hall, of Cincinnati. She was not a pronounced temperance woman—indeed few were at that date—but she was a sensible, good woman, and, as she expressed it, 'deplored the fashion of requiring of our young gentlemen friends the civility of so many drinks the first day of the new year.' Hence, my dear little bridesmaid—for such she had been—entered into my plans most cheerfully, much to my delight, and soon our joy was complete to find that there was to be no opposition from the young Kentucky husband, who generously sealed his approval by presenting me with a silver coffee urn as a New-Year's gift, which, with its temperance history, is a favorite heirloom in our family.

"From the dear old paternal home in the High-

lands, sixty miles away, also came loving tokens of approval, and it did really seem, as that New-Year's morning dawned brightly upon us, that all things were 'working together for good.'

"Many were the calls recorded on that day of new experiences, and our hearts were greatly cheered as friend after friend, departing, left with us their blessing for the hot coffee, chocolate, etc.

"About dusk we were surprised by a call from Cincinnati's distinguished citizen, Judge Burnet, accompanied by a group of young men—about eight in all—and none of them seemed more than twenty years of age. These favored youths, it appeared, were the pets of Judge Burnet, and intrusted to his care by their mothers, who were his special society friends. When the gallant old Judge entered the room, leaving his charge in care of Mrs. Alexander, he approached the table where I was standing near the coffee urn, and, taking my hand in both of his, he said, 'I commend you heartily, my dear young friend, for thus bravely standing by the principles of your noble father,' and, casting his eyes towards the hot coffee and chocolate, said, 'This is just what I need to have my boys in condition to meet their dear mothers.' Then, offering his arm, he said, 'But let me introduce you to them.' He then graciously presented me to each one in the circle, for Mrs. Alexander, who knew them and their mothers well, had seated them, as she playfully remarked to Judge Burnet, 'Ready for a Highland County banquet;' for my dear mother had sent me country hams, turkeys, butter, and even cream,

for the occasion, and delicious cake in beautiful variety, made by 'Aunt Patsey,' the favorite cook of my chidhood, who loved me *only less* than my mother.

"Hot coffee and chocolate had been faithfully served all day, and a fresh supply for the evening visitors was just brought in, as our honored guest and his young friends arrived. They enjoyed it, and so did we; and now, after more than half a century, can you wonder that I rejoice in the report from our 'Washington correspondent?'

"Then, for the year 1896, we have from the *Ohio Messenger* the following report from 'Washington Letter:'

"'An interesting feature of the dinner recently given to President and Mrs. Cleveland by Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle was the entire absence of wine and liquors from the table. Mrs. Carlisle says that no wine or liquor of any kind has crossed the threshold of her home since the inauguration of President Cleveland.'"

From the Secretary the World's Congress "Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition:"

INDIANAPOLIS, May 2, 1893.

"MRS. E. J. THOMPSON: *My Dear Madam,*—I beg your pardon for not having earlier notified you of the subject which you will be expected to discuss at the World's Congress of Representative Women. My notification would have been made earlier, had the ladies on the program sent in their responses more promptly to my circular letter. I am answering you at the earliest moment possible to make a decision in

regard to the subjects, and I have up to date received replies only to about thirty per cent of the letters sent out. I state this, not in the spirit of complaint, but to explain the tardiness of my response to yours.

"As the program now stands you are booked to discuss the subject, 'Woman as a Religious Teacher,' on Wednesday morning, May 18, 1893. All participants in this discussion will be limited to five minutes.

"Anticipating with great pleasure the opportunity of meeting you at the Congress, I remain, my dear madam, Yours very sincerely,

"MAY WRIGHT SEWALL,

"Chairman of Committee of Arrangements for a World's Congress of Representative Women."

From Lady Henry Somerset for the book written by "The Mother of us All."

"DEAR MRS. THOMPSON,—One of the most happy experiences of my visits to America has been meeting you. It seems to me that I may count you among my dear friends, for from the first I felt that our hearts were in the strongest sympathy. I had read much about you in the *Union Signal,* in Miss Willard's books, and elsewhere, and you were prominently in my thoughts when I came. Sometimes, you know, we are disappointed when we meet those in whose praise we have heard much, and it is a comfort to me that in you I found even more than I had hoped. It is among my cherished expectations to see you some day in your own home and with those dear ones to whom you have so earnestly devoted your life, while

you of all women have been last to forget the homes by which your own is surrounded, not in Hillsboro alone, but in the Crusade State, the great Republic, and the White Ribbon World.

"Your book of pen-pictures of the Crusade will be most welcome to my study table, and I will do all that I can to make it known among our women in Great Britain. You may be sure it will find a warm welcome at many a genial fireside in the old Homeland.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Thompson, with a heart full of loyalty and affection, ever yours in the work for God and Home and Every Land,

Frances E. Willard wrote from Chicago February 17, 1892:

"My Ever Dear Sister and Friend,—Lady Henry Somerset tells me that she wrote you at once from Boston. The plate for the picture did not come from England. She sat this morning to an excellent photographer, and you will be remembered. I am sending you from her a copy of the book 'Eastnor Castle,' edited by herself. It is one of the great 'showplaces' of England, said to be exceeded only by Warwick and Chatsworth. Lady H. holds you in very tender and affectionate remembrance. I think no one at the Convention was more interesting and delightful to her. We are going East, and she will speak at strategic points all along the way to help me—Indianapolis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Elmira, Portland, Maine. She wishes to be in Boston when Miss Whitney, the

sculptor, begins the portrait bust of me which Lady H. has ordered. She sails with her son and his tutor on 13th April for England. She relinquished the trip to Japan, believing it better to postpone that long voyage until she should go around the world with the Great Petition, which will be within a couple of years *(Deo volente)*. A kiss for your dear self.

"FRANCES."

INVITATIONS.

"LONDON, ENGLAND,
"47 Victoria Street, Westminster,
"December 16, 1892.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—A large meeting of welcome is to be given to Miss Willard at Exeter Hall on the 9th January. A cable from you as the author of the 'Crusade' would be a delightful feature. If possible, let me have it the day before. My cable address is Theodora, London.

"Yours always in the best bond,

"ISABEL SOMERSET.

"MRS. JUDGE THOMPSON,
"Hillsboro, Ohio."

"THE PRIORY, REIGATE,
"April 5, 1895.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—We desire to send you a very tender and special invitation to be with us, as 'Platform Support,' throughout the World's and National B. W. T. U. meetings, of June 14-21, in London.

Two hundred pulpits have been engaged and the largest halls in the city; there is every reason to believe that the 'Demonstration' will be unsurpassed, if not unequaled, in the annals of the temperance movement.

"You would be honored and rejoiced over, as you well know, beyond telling. We should gladly welcome the Judge, your daughters and sons. May we not urge you, each and all, to '*think* on these things?'

"With every tender remembrance and wish, believe us, always, your loyal sisters,

"FRANCES E. WILLARD,
"ISABEL SOMERSET."

MISS WILLARD'S LETTER ABOUT OLD CRUSADE CHURCH.

"EASTNOR CASTLE, LEDBURY,
"May 16, 1895.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Since writing you I have been astonished and afflicted to learn that there is talk of tearing down the Crusade church. For my part, I would as soon tear down Bunker Hill monument or St. Paul's Cathedral! How can our people allow it to be torn down—we who have so few memorials or historical remembrances of great things?

(Then she makes some suggestions.)

"Believe me ever yours,

"FRANCES E. WILLARD."

Another letter, among the large number addressed to Mrs. Judge Thompson by Miss Willard says she is writing an article for *The Homiletic Monthly,* which will be read by twenty thousand ministers, and "you are represented in this symposium of temperance workers as the first Crusader."*

Old Crusade Church.

THE LAST SERVICE BY THE WOMEN BEFORE IT WAS TORN DOWN.

Paper read by Mrs. Thompson in the morning meeting before the church was given up for a new edifice.

"As Aaron was commanded to bear the names of the children of Israel 'in the breast-plate of Judgment' upon his heart when he went into the holy place 'for a memorial before the Lord,' so we 'Crusaders' would come this morning with the names of the 'redeemed ones' since 1873 upon our hearts for a 'Memorial' to this sacred old church, where the pillar of fire and cloud first appeared as our shield and guide. And as we sorrowfully commemorate the passing away of this blessed 'historic' old church, we would join in the spirit of praise and thanksgiving for the prospective temple, so soon to appear. When the prophet Isaiah would comfort the Church with gracious promises, he exclaimed: 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habi-

*Miss Grand Girard, of Hillsboro, gave the name of "Crusaders."

JUDGE THOMPSON.

tations: *spare not,* lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes.' Then, this pillar of cloud and fire is not a fixture, but a *movable benediction.* It is guided by the command of the great 'I Am,' and He looks through the cloud to lead and bless His trusting ones, and to 'overthrow and confound His enemies.' It will 'hover over' the *new temple,* which, by the united zeal and liberality of pastor and people, must soon occupy the sacred spot rendered *very dear* to many hearts who have enjoyed, all these Crusade years, the uninterrupted hospitality of its sacred walls and the *spiritual unity* of its faithful pastor and wife."

"The earthly calendar of our lives is uncertain and short,
We know not when we may be summoned to a Higher Court;
But the Heavenly calendar brings eternal life and light
Resplendent in the glory of our King's power and might."

These lines were written by Lallie Matthews Ferris soon after the death of Judge Thompson, who lived to a beautiful old age. August 6, 1900, James Henry Thompson—a man of large benevolence, of tender spirit, of intense love for wife and children, for relatives and friends, and who ever had a smile for his enemies—bade farewell to earthly thoughts.

"He had always been an able defender of woman, and believed in rights and privileges being granted her; urged his wife to go to the Temperance Conventions, while he identified himself, in 1877, with the Murphy movement, and was an avowed public advocate of all anti-liquor movements." "He never lay

down to rest in his beautiful old age without thanking his wife and children for the devotion and love bestowed upon him. In 1881 the bar of Hillsboro tendered him a banquet, it being the fiftieth anniversary of his professional career." And the bar accompanied him whom they loved, walking two and two under the hot August sun, to the "Silver Lake" Cemetery, and the Memorial and Resolutions of the Court of Highland County, prepared by Judge Huggins and others, were indeed honest and worthy.

See references to Judge Thompson's ancestry, page 38. On their crest was the motto, "In God we trust."

The picture of Mrs. Thompson walking on the southern porch was taken several months after the death of her husband. She cared more for it than any picture of herself, as she always related to friends, that Mr. Thompson, while resting here one August evening, only a short time before his death, had talked of the immortality of the soul and the heavenly host in a way never to be forgotten by her.

Several years ago the National and State organizations set apart the birthday of this distinguished woman, as a day to be observed along with that of Frances Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, Anna Gordon, Neal Dow, the sainted Jennie Cassaday, and others of fame in the National and the World's Work. The modesty and unpretentious spirit of the woman has protested against the many celebrations of this day, and not one has ever been noticed in Hillsboro except under her protest. "Why I have done nothing," or "I have done my duty in fear and humility under

MOTHER THOMPSON WALKING ON THE SOUTHERN PORCH.

God," or "What have I done that hundreds of others have not done whose birthdays ought to be celebrated as well as mine?" were the arguments she would always advance when consulted about it. She has, however, been powerless to stop the spirit of love and devotion of the adherents, and everywhere the White Ribbon has gone they are celebrating this eighty-seventh anniversary. When we take into consideration that it is fully organized in forty-nine countries of the world, the United States alone having almost ten thousand Unions, we can realize what a small affair the Hillsboro occasion was, notwithstanding its success. Not until last year was there any measure or joy or satisfaction in the occasion to Mother Thompson. Not being strong in health, and jealous as well for others who stood with her in the work, she most vigorously protested against any public demonstration. At one time she said: "I am coming so near to the heavenly kingdom, and my faith in my great Savior is growing so sweet and trusting, just like the faith of a dear little child in its loving mother, that I feel like a tired child going to rest in that mother's arms; and if I would want to celebrate my birthday at all it would be that I might spend it among little children." Her friends set themselves to gratify this wish of her heart, and at the Children's Home, surrounded by the little ones, she feasted her eyes and her heart while she listened to their sweet voices in song and recitation. She received her wish, and told her friends she "was well paid, for she received an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting blessing."

The Hillsboro *Dispatch,* August 28, 1903, says:

"At the Convention of the Highland County Union in May it was decided to combine their Harvest Home Donation with the birthday celebration, as all the members expressed a wish to thus show their love and honor for her. On Monday last the County Workers met in the morning for a Conference and short business meeting. Congratulations and flowers were sent to her from that meeting. After dinner a large crowd gathered at the Home. The meeting was opened by Mrs. H. F. Patterson, of Greenfield, county president. The services were then taken in charge by the matron of the Home and her assistant. For over an hour the audience was entertained by the precious little ones with song, recitation, and responses. Perhaps the greatest compliment that could be paid to them, was the close attention and deep interest taken in every number of the program, although the afternoon was one of intense heat.

"Mother Thompson sat among them like a queen surrounded by loving subjects, happy in her association with the children, her beautiful face smiling upon each one and showing appreciation and enjoyment in every effort of the children. The meeting closed with benediction by Rev. Lizzie Larkin, of the Friends Church. Some time was spent in greetings and congratulations, and the assembly scattered to their several homes praying God's blessing upon the Home, the little ones, and Mother Thompson."

On August 24, 1902, Mrs. Thompson's birthday gift, a booklet of Forget-me-Nots, was collected,

through the energy and kind enthusiasm of Mrs. Cotton Mather, Mrs. Margaret Gregg, and others, and presented to Mrs. Thompson. It is tied in white satin ribbon, the blue Forget-me-Not is painted in water-colors on the outside, and the name of the flower in gold letters, the work of the Misses Detwiler, who so often sent charming gifts to Mother Thompson. This particular booklet is kept in the cabinet in the Crusade Memorial Room. It contains some rare sentiments of Hillsboro people and of friends from a distance, and will be treasured for long years with other priceless things stored away among the archives.

Some Interesting Letters, 1901-2-3.

Bishop David H. Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wrote from Shanghai, China, February 16, 1901:

"How it gladdened my heart and cheered my eyes, the beautiful and unusual picture framed in with trailing flowers! It is to me an inspiration in Asia, illuminating my study table.

"We are pleasantly situated and are well. With three empires in my Diocese I have still hope for four weeks at home during the year. China is wonderful, and is worth all she costs the Church in money and labor and blood. . . ."

"Evanston, Ill., October 24, 1902.

"Dearest Mrs. Thompson,—May I write to you and your two daughters collectively, just the one line of love I have time to send you to-day in the hurry of the aftermath of our great Convention? We want you to know that all pronounced it 'perfect,' and it certainly has been a wonderful meeting. Lady Henry Somerset was gracious and charming, as she always is, and spoke to us most delightfully. The panel of roses painted by Mrs. Tuttle, and which was presented to Lady Henry as a joint gift from Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Rives, was an exquisite thing, and Lady Henry seemed very greatly pleased to carry home this souvenir from Hillsboro and your home. It was presented on Tuesday night, when she bade us farewell, and it stood on an easel on the platform in a light that brought out all its beauty. We offered to pack it for Lady Henry and send it to the steamer on which she will return to Liverpool; but she would not listen to any such plan, fearing she might fail in some way to get it; and we therefore carried it to her place of entertainment, and it was packed with her personal baggage. Lady Henry has the note so kindly written by Mrs. Rives.

"Again deeply regretting that you could not all be with us, and with a heart full of love from Mrs. Stevens and myself, I am,

"Yours affectionately, Anna A. Gordon."

The following letter was received by Mrs. Tuttle from Lady Somerset, acknowledging the panel of roses from her brush:

"Boston, Mass., October 27, 1902.

"My Dear Friend,—I want to thank you a thousand times for your delightful picture. Your roses will bloom in my home, and I shall think of you and of your mother and of your sister. They are in themselves a charming adornment, and will remind me of those whose friendship I value.

"With love to you and your mother and sister, believe me, Yours affectionately,

"Isabel Somerset.

"Hotel Somerset."

Twenty-Ninth Crusade Anniversary, Hillsboro, Ohio.

An Oriental legend relates that a prince brought a tent to his father in a walnut-shell. The king took it out and began to unfold it. It covered the king and his counselors; it covered the royal household; it covered the general and his army; it covered the kingdom; it covered the whole world. It was Christianity; God was the Father, and the prince was Jesus Christ. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord.

This fancy is fitly typical of the great Woman's Christian Temperance Union movement, the outgrowth of the little band of praying women, the seventy who,

in a spirit of love, devotion, and self-sacrifice, went forth that December morning twenty-nine years ago. Less than a generation has passed since this great movement had its birth, and lo, what hath God wrought! The Woman's Christian Temperance Union White-Ribboners encircle the globe.

These seventy who builded better than they knew, and

> "Organized for doing good
> The world's united womanhood,"

represent the divine endeavor of Christian women to rescue the tempted and perishing.

On Tuesday afternoon, December 23, 1902, the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with a few friends, assembled in the Crusade Memorial Rooms in the beautiful new Presbyterian church of Hillsboro, Ohio, to celebrate the twenty-ninth anniversary of the Crusade and witness the unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson, "the Crusade Mother," so finely executed by a gifted artist, Mrs. Mary McArthur Tuttle.

The president of the day, Mrs. E. L. Ferris, the granddaughter of the Crusade vice-president, Mrs. Sally McDowell, and Mrs. Rebecca Arthur, the faithful secretary, were in the official chairs.

After Scripture reading by Mrs. Ferris the Rev. R. D. Licklider, of the Baptist Church, offered a fervent prayer, the keynote of which was "Courageous hearts and loyalty to duty."

A beautiful trio, violin, flute and piano, was then

executed by Mrs. Rives, Miss Detwiler, and Mr. Thompson. Then followed the presentation of the portrait of "Mother" Thompson, the gift of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the Crusade Memorial Room. National and State officers, national superintendents, organizers, lecturers, and evangelists contributed.

Rev. S. O. Royal, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who made the presentation, said in part: "Sisters, Friends, and Mothers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union,—He would be a stoic indeed who would fail to appreciate the honor and take no pride in performing the office now appointed me. At this shrine and at this moment of anniversary, speech seems well-nigh a desecration, and thoughtful silence more becoming. At the Bethlehem of an impulse which called a nation's womanhood away from patient tears to heroic action; at the birthplace of a movement destined to be world-wide in its reach, deep as the centuries in its influence, and broad as human suffering in its sympathies, our voices are subdued by a holy awe, which stifles rather than assists utterance. Were not this task placed upon me by others, I should yield to an impulse to beg pardon for disturbing your meditations and the recollections which gush forth spontaneously in this memorial room.

"Surrounded by mementos of value and meaning, we are now to add another more precious than them all. Veiled at this moment from our view is a portrait of Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson, 'Mother of the Crusade.' Concerning it let me say two or three things.

"Who that has eyes to see and a mind to think can escape the spell of a master-painter's witchery? By the deft placing of vari-colored pigments a plain surface receives depth here and prominence there; by a cunning arrangement of lights and shadows a meaningless canvas is made to speak, to smile, to follow you with intelligent gaze. No wonder that 'in the elder days of art' painters wrought with reverent care; that some of them knelt while they worked; that their most frequent themes were devout; nor that the masterpieces of genius are housed in the temples of a world's worship. Here you shall presently see a canvas to whose value time shall render a compound interest. And this value will be forever enhanced by the fact that each stroke was placed by a daughter's loving hand as well as by an artist's careful skill.

"Here, too, will you see a portraiture of character. To one who has mind-sight added to eye-sight here is a pictured biography. Intelligence and courage, firmness and tact, patience and a large sense of humor, a charity for men and faith in God, are as plainly visible as if a Dickens or a Boswell had taken a thousand pages to describe them. Here is an open book on grandeur of character which later generations can read after she and we have vanished from sight.

"Here, too, is an epic of achievement. The finest monuments of the past are not the statues which men carve, not the bronzes which bear their epitaphs, but the deeds which they have done. The elements bite away the granite monolith, and fires melt the brass memorial. Earth's finest temples are now in ruins,

AUDITORIUM LOOKING INTO CRUSADE MEMORIAL ROOM.

and others are crumbling; but the deeds of heroes are living stones built into immortal temples. Hoary wrong that with defiant hardihood rises ever and anon to oppose, only adds strength and glory to the achievements of heroes. This portrait will tell not merely who once lived here and how one of the brave band of 'Crusaders' looked, but more eloquently will it recount what was here done. It will record no short-lived victory, greeted with the shoutings of a capricious populace. It will tell rather of a triumph at the first doubtful, tardy, partial; of its progress, slow as the glacier, but as resistless; and if I may be prophetic, it will tell how it grew to an avalanche, until by the weight of woman's prayers, of woman's intelligence, and of woman's will, it swept the world's greatest wrong into oblivion.

"In the name of the officers of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union this work of art, this story of beautiful character and brave leadership, this epic in color of a vast moral movement, I present to the custody of this Church for a place among the furnishings and memorials of this historic room."

The unveiling by Rev. S. O. Royal followed, and we looked upon the beautiful face, so exquisitely reproduced by loving fingers, the face of the gracious lady who shall be known in White Ribbon annals through the long hereafter as "a noble type of good, heroic womanhood."

The legal deed of acceptance by the Church officials was read by Rev. H. N. Faulconer, the pastor,

who then felicitously and forcefully accepted the beautiful gift, and paid loyal homage to the Crusade Mother and her co-workers, the central thought being that God had intrusted to woman, a child of God, grown by His grace, a movement that will never die.

After the singing of the Crusade Hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears," friends near and familiar brought affection's immortelles, and broke the alabaster box of precious ointment in Crusade memories.

Mrs. Thompson was unable to be present, and her elder daughter, Mrs. Marie T. Rives, of sweet and gentle mien, gave utterance to the following tender tribute:

"When the National president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Miss Gordon were our guests last March, the first thing they observed in the parlor was the portrait of my mother, which they pronounced a perfect likeness and a beautiful piece of art. To-day, by order of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union—for every State has contributed—and by the courtesy of the pastor, Rev. H. N. Faulconer, and the official board, the picture is to hang upon the walls of the Crusade Memorial Room. We hope and believe that before many months another sweet face will look out from these walls—that of Mrs. General McDowell. These two workers must have looked earnestly into each other's faces in those early Crusade days, when they kneeled on the icy pavements of Hillsboro and gave to 'the winds their fears.' Now that Hillsboro stands upon the

heights of answered prayer, let them look peacefully into each other's faces from these sacred walls!

"You can not expect me to say much to-day. What can a child say of a loving, devoted mother, except on bended knee to thank God for her? When we think of what these leaders have done for the world, we thank God for the wonderful growth of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and what it has done for the uplifting of humanity.

"But, dear friends, I want to say something to you to-day, sisters of the White Ribbon, and dear Hillsboro friends. From the depths of my heart I thank you for your constant appreciation of my mother's work. Never a birthday or any anniversary passes but our home is fragrant with flowers and kind greetings; and now that mother is much in her room, every day comes some cheerful, kind message from many friends. So to-day let us thank God for the temperance work and victories, for this Memorial Room, built as firmly in stone as the principle it represents, and for the sacred treasures it contains."

Mrs. Lizzie A. Harsha, whose loyalty to the temperance cause is unfaltering, with characteristic fervor spoke of the nearness of the anniversary dates of the birth of the movement and that of our Savior, alike for the uplifting of sinful and sorrowing humanity.

After prayer by Mrs. Moses Calvert, one stanza of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung from printed slips, the souvenir gift of Mrs. Thompson. A telegram from Miss Anna Gordon was read, and the

doxology and the benediction by Rev. S. O. Royal followed.

Thus was marked the twenty-ninth anniversary in Hillsboro, the "Cradle of the Crusade."

The Friday Club.

Mrs. Thompson was a member of one of the literary clubs of Hillsboro called "The Friday Club," founded by a granddaughter of Mrs. General McDowell, "Aunt Sally McDowell," who walked arm in arm with Mrs. Thompson throughout the Crusade days, and was the greatly beloved vice-president of the original band of Crusaders. Some notes are given from the secretary, Mrs. Mary Boyd Yeoman, who was the first woman to rise to her feet when Dr. Dio Lewis proposed *his plan* for women to use their influence against the saloon.

A summer day in November, 1898, shone on the expectant, attentive faces of the club members assembled in the historic home of one of its associate members, Mrs. Eliza Trimble Thompson, and two of its active members, Mrs. Rives and Mrs. Tuttle. Jubilee Day we must call it, for returning pilgrims from the Mecca of Columbus and the State Federation were full of enthusiasm, and longed to share their profit and pleasure with the entire fraternity. Mrs. Henrietta Evans submitted her report.

Again assembling, December, 1904, Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio presented programs. At a later meet-

ing of historic interest, Mrs. Matthews, founder of the club, read a charming paper on the Carolinas, Mrs. Lena Spargur on Educational Institutions, and Mrs.. Steele on "The House we Keep." "Old Virginny" was sung by Mrs. Alice Spargur. Then came cake and coffee, chatter over old cups, greetings to the old Mother of the old régime. Twilight gold and gray shaded hallways and parlors full of mementos, gifts' memories in the old Trimble home; then the subtle charm of music, flute and piano, greeted by a storm of applause, for the record of no other club holds fast the dates of Mr. Henry Thompson's skillful art nor a Mrs. Rives, who keeps pace with the classic strains.

CHAPTER II.

Visit of Five Hundred Delegates to Hillsboro—Pastor Felix's Hymn.

EXTRACTS from Hillsboro papers of Friday, October 9, 1903, show the interest taken in those reforms that were encouraged by Mother Thompson, and the following letter from the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is self-explanatory:

"The thirtieth National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Cincinnati in November, and one of the features of the important occasion will be a visit to this place, the home of the great Crusade movement. The date for this visit has been fixed for Monday, November 16th.

"The following communication from the National President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been received by the local union:

"'Evanston, Ill., September 30th.

"'Mrs. E. J. Thompson: Beloved Friend and Comrade,—Miss Anna Gordon and I reached national headquarters a few days ago, and are busily engaged in

preparing for the Thirtieth Annual Convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Cincinnati, November 13th to 20th. We are receiving letters from every section of the country inquiring about the proposed visit to Hillsboro, which will be made on Monday, November 16th.

"'We have planned something like this: Have a special train leave Cincinnati about 7 A. M., reaching Hillsboro about 9. There will be at least five hundred in the party. The delegates will walk the street of the historic Crusade town which leads to the Presbyterian Church, holding a meeting there, to be participated in by Crusaders and members of the Convention. At close of meeting, to partake of the simplest sort of a lunch. I mention the lunch, because it has been suggested to us that Hillsboro people would like to have us break bread with them. I mention it, too, because I wish to emphasize our wish that the lunch be very simple and such as can be served with the least trouble to our hostess. After lunch we will again form in line and walk to your home, and thence to the station. Because of the great pressure of Convention work, we shall feel obliged to leave Hillsboro as early in the afternoon as possible, in order to enable us to hold a short business meeting after reaching Cincinnati. We should spend about four hours in Hillsboro, and they will be hours heavily freighted with precious memories and blessed realities, and I am confident that we shall all be strengthened to go forward with renewed hope and inspiration for the work we all love and seek to promote.

" 'With love to you and the members of your family, the local Union and all Hillsboro Crusaders, I am very sincerely yours, LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.'

"ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE W. C. T. U. VISITORS MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH.

"It is desired that all those who worked in the Crusade will go to the Crusade Memorial Room on Monday morning as early as nine o'clock, without further notice or invitation.

"The Methodist Church will be heated and at the service of the public, in case an overflow meeting becomes necessary, and choice speakers will be supplied.

"A committee will be at Armory Hall as early as eight o'clock Monday morning, to receive the boxes, cream, and other donations.

"The program for the exercises at the Presbyterian Church is printed and on sale at Stabler's—five cents per copy. As it is a souvenir program, it is hoped that every one will buy a copy and file it away as a reminder of November 16, 1903. Five hundred copies are to be given to the delegates.

"Mrs. Thompson desires it said that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hillsboro will be delighted if the merchants feel inclined to decorate with white bunting and flags. The motto of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is, 'For God and Home and Every Land.'

"Any one caring to contribute, who has not been reached by the soliciting committee, can leave dona-

tions at Armory Hall early on Monday morning. Those who desire to contribute money will please leave it with Mrs. Gregg.

"Miss Olive Christian Malvery, of India, will probably be one of the speakers at the overflow meeting at the Methodist Church. The *Cambridge Press,* England, says she positively charms her audience.

"Rev. Mr. Deaton and Mrs. Deaton will receive the speakers at their church. Professor Warren will be assisted by Mrs. Cotton Mather and others in receiving and introducing the speakers at the Washington school building.

"Bunches of white immortelles will be sent by the National officers to be placed on the graves of those who worked in the Crusade, but who have gone from labor to reward.

"Personnel.—The names of the six National officers are:

"Mrs. Lillian Stevens, President.

"Miss Anna A. Gordon, Vice-President.

"Mrs. Susanna Fry, Corresponding Secretary.

"Mrs. Helen Barker, Treasurer.

"Mrs. Hoffman, Recording Secretary.

"Mrs. Beauchamp, Assistant Recording Secretary.

"Delegates Present.—Mrs. Annie W. Clark, of Columbus, President Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will be here, also Mrs. Perkins, of Cleveland, President of the Cuyahoga County Union, editor and author.

"Mrs. Faxon, of the Philippine Islands, who is establishing schools, etc.

"Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of England.

"Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, of the Scientific Temperance Instruction, who attended the great Congress in Germany last summer and was invited by the Scientists to preside on one day. Our Congress voted an appropriation, on the recommendation of President Roosevelt, to defray her ocean voyage and expenses.

"Mrs. Lillian Cole Bethel, author of 'Parliamentary Usages,' a very useful book for women's clubs, etc., and Mrs. Benjamine, of Michigan, who is ably informed on the same subject.

"Mrs. Mary Wood Allen, of Ann Arbor, Mich., author and publisher.

"Miss Belle Kearney, of Mississippi, a most eloquent speaker.

"Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, of Maine, a wealthy Quakeress, who has the department of Peace and Arbitration, and who is an excellent financier, having aided the National officers to come in possession of *The Union Signal,* which is now owned by the Society.

"Mrs. Clara Wright Parish, of Illinois, President of the Ys.

"Mrs. Lucy Thurman, at the head of the present forward movement among the colored people.

"Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, of Washington, D. C., the legislator, and Mrs. Clinton B. Smith, also of Washington, D. C., who has twenty local unions under her care.

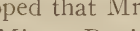
"Mrs. B. D. Livingston, of Ontario, a fraternal delegate, will be here.

"Mrs. Maria Weed, of Chicago, and Deaconess

Sarah J. Elliott, of New York City, members of The International Council of Women, of which Mrs. May Wright Sewall is president.

"Mrs. Cornelia T. Jewett, of Chicago, editor of *The Union Signal,* is coming. Also Mrs. Harriet B. Kells, of Mississippi.

"Mrs. Mary A. Leavitt, first 'Round the World Missionary' of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Mary B. Ingham, Mrs. Hollingshead, of Cleveland, and it is hoped that Mrs. McClellan Brown, Mrs. Roller, and the Misses Renick, who have had so much care in Cincinnati, will take a day's vacation."



MOTHER THOMPSON'S HOME, FORMERLY THE HOME OF GOVERNOR TRIMBLE,

Is visited. A paper of that date says:

"The National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been is session in Cincinnati the past week, and Monday was the high-water mark of interest when five hundred of the White Ribboners visited Hillsboro, the home of Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson, known the world over as 'Mother of the Crusade.' Eight coaches filled to overflowing arrived here about ten o'clock over the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern.

"The *Commercial-Tribune* of Tuesday had the following report of the occasion.

"'As the train bearing the White Ribbon host

steamed into the historic little town of Hillsboro the banks surrounding the station were lined with enthusiastic citizens of the place. ' The procession was formed and the line of march taken up in the direction of the First Presbyterian Church, which stands on the site of the old Crusade church. Here the visitors were welcomed by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Faulconer, and a committee of Hillsboro women. The church was decorated for the occasion. The famous Memorial Room overlooks the auditorium of the church, from a slight elevation, and here sat the beloved Mother Thompson, surrounded by the following old Crusaders of Hillsboro: Mrs. Collins, Mrs. William Scott, Mrs. R. Evans, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. J. M. Boyd, Mrs. William Barry, Mrs. McSurely, Mrs. Willet, Miss Maria Stuart. The seating capacity of the church was inadequate, and overflow meetings were held at the Methodist Church, where Mother Thompson is a lay member, and at the Webster and Washington School buildings.

" 'On the platform sat Mrs. Stevens, the National President; Miss Anna Gordon, Vice-President; Mrs. Annie Woods Clark, State President, of Columbus, O.; Miss Cornelia Dow, of Maine, daughter of the late Neal Dow; Mrs. Beauchamp, of Kentucky, Assistant Recording Secretary; Mrs. Susan M. D. Fry, Recording Secretary; and Princess Olive Christian Malvery, of India.

" 'After prayer by Rev. Mr. McSurely and the reading of the Crusade Psalm by Mrs. McSurely out of the Crusade Bible. Rev. Mr. Faulconer welcomed the

visitors, assuring them their visit was a spiritual uplift and inspiration to the people of Hillsboro.

"'Mrs. Stevens, in a brief talk, stated that the old Crusaders should be given the prominence rather than the National officers, and for that reason her remarks, as well as the remarks of the others, would be brief.

"'Miss Anna Gordon, who was called upon, said that as they were approaching the church, Princess Malvery had said regretfully, "We are a little travel-stained for such a memorable visit, are we not?" and added, "That becomes pilgrims, does n't it?"

"'Princess Malvery was called upon to read an original poem by Kate Lunden Sunderlain.

"'Mrs. Fry spoke of being with her husband in Halle, Germany, at the time of the Crusade, and of being entirely at sea as to the condition of affairs when she received papers and periodicals ridiculing the women who were taking part in the Crusade.

"'Mrs. Beauchamp addressed the old Crusaders as leaders of the Gideon Band, and called attention to their heroic work in behalf of the children and the home.

"'Mrs. Annie W. Clark spoke briefly, with great force and feeling. She said: "When asked to occupy a place on the platform, it had not entered my head that there would be any time or opportunity for me to say anything; but it comes to me now, as I look at these dear old Crusaders, that we owe all these great movements to some heroic heart, to some heroic leader, who dared to begin." Mrs. Clark sat down amidst a storm of applause.

"'Miss Dow spoke briefly, and also to the point. She said it was a delight to be permitted to be at Hillsboro at such a gathering.

"'At this point some one asked that Mother Thompson might be requested to stand that the audience might all see where she was and which was she. The dear old lady arose and the audience sang one verse of "Blest be the tie that binds." As the audience reseated themselves, Mother Thompson said: "Your time is very short and my breath is much shorter, but I want to say that the Woman's Crusade against whisky came not by might nor by power, but by My Word, saith the Lord of hosts; and, my dear sisters, beloved of the Lord and beloved of us all, it is only as we adhere to that spirit our cause can be successful. First it came as a dove. Let us be gentle and kind. Then as a fire. Let us not get cold. I want to call your attention to the fact that the inscription on the Crusade quilt of Hillsboro, on the most conspicuous square, is, 'Remember Lot's Wife;'" and the dear old gray-haired saint of eighty-seven years sat down amid a storm of applause and laughter.

"'Mrs. Stevens arose at this point and handed to Miss Gordon an armful of magnificent chrysanthemums, tied by a broad bow of white ribbon, which she presented to Mother Thompson, saying that they came from three hundred thousand loving hearts who realized the glory of a pure white life, which would soon be transplanted into everlasting day.'"

The Union Signal, December 10, 1903, contains the following:

"The Pilgrimage to Hillsboro.

"From the moment the train-load of five hundred Woman's Christian Temperance Union pilgrims reached Hillsboro until the hour of their return to Cincinnati, the harmonious perfection of plans made by the local reception committee was apparent. On arrival at the station no time was lost in falling into line for the march to the Presbyterian church, Judge Gardner, one of Hillsboro's most honored citizens, leading the long procession and acting as escort for our National President.

"The Crusade Memorial Room, known to all the readers of *The Union Signal* as the casket which holds the visible mementos of the Crusade, was this day of peculiar interest in that it held the Crusaders themselves. It is true that they are but a remnant of that praying band, but in them centers the affectionate interest of the younger generation of workers who had not the privilege of being identified with the pioneer movement. We call them lovingly by name, the members of this little group gathered about 'Mother' Thompson on November 16, 1903: Mrs. Colonel Collins, Mrs. William Scott, Mrs. Milton Boyd, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. McSurely, Mrs. Willet, Miss Maria Stuart, and Miss Lizzie Kirby. Mrs. Stockton, the Rev. Dr. McSurely, and Mrs. McSurely

journeyed from their home in Oxford, Ohio, in order to join in the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the Crusade.

"The audiences from these various meetings joined the main body that marched from the Presbyterian Church to the Thompson Home. This historic cottage, modest as to exterior, but exceedingly spacious within, holds an atmosphere that contains all the elements of an ideal home. Lives of sturdy integrity, characterized by devotion to God and to any cause that makes for righteousness, speak to one from the canvases on the walls and from the simple but substantial furnishings that constitute the true 'homeliness' of an abiding-place. Over the piano in the cheerful parlor hangs an excellent portrait of Governor Trimble, the honored father of Mrs. Thompson. The dining-room, with its old-fashioned mahogany furniture and shining silver, was a delight to the eyes, while the kitchens, modern and ancient, down three steps, after the fashion of the quaint old houses of a past generation, contained much that appealed to the feminine interest which surveyed the minutest details with a loving comprehensiveness; there were many expressions of delight and wonderment over the rag carpet, but recently completed by the deft fingers of Mrs. Thompson herself. What better refutation could be made to the oft-repeated statement concerning the tendency of women to ignore domestic accomplishments in the pursuit of an ideal that promises to reform the world? This household saint, eighty-seven years of age, who helped to set in motion the forces

that resulted in the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has ever found her greatest joy within the sacred precincts of home. We had the privilege of seeing her within her happiest environment, and memory will hold no sweeter picture than that of Eliza J. T. Thompson extending to her comrades from all quarters of the earth the hospitality of her own hearthstone.

"The daughters of this beautiful home, Mrs. Marie T. Rives and Mrs. Mary McArthur Tuttle, were on this as on all other occasions, fitting representatives of their gracious mother. Mrs. Rives, assisted by several members of the local committee, received the guests in the parlor; Mrs. Tuttle conducted them over the house, and it would be hard to say where we loved best to linger.* The apartments occupied by the daughters expressed an individuality—the culture of heart and mind that has contributed so much toward the comfort and happiness of the little 'mother' whom all hold dear. We wandered from room to room, fascinated in turn by some particular characteristic of each, coming back always to that Chamber of Peace wherein sat the woman we delighted to honor. We left her there, enshrined within a thousand hearts that had this day come into the joy of her presence.

"The satisfaction of the spiritual feast that had

*And Mother Thompson's charming grand-niece Mrs. Dr. Henry M. Brown, also, Mrs. Lucy Harman, Mrs. John Matthews, Mrs. William Matthews, Mrs. Albert Matthews, Mrs. E. L. Ferris, Miss Lizzie Kirby, Mrs. J. McD. Stockton, Mrs. John A. Trimble, assisted Mrs. Rives and Mrs. Tuttle, during this reception. The absence of Mrs. Margaret Armstrong and other relatives was much regretted.

been spread before us from the moment of our arrival in Hillsboro, but added zest to the appetite for the material good things that awaited our coming at Armory Hall. We wondered how such a great host of hungry mortals could, in the little time allowed for lunching, be waited upon and sent on their way rejoicing, but here again we found the capable and energetic ladies of the Church had accepted and distributed a gift of Mr. John Gregg, a grandson of Mrs. Margaret Gregg, one of the vice-presidents of the local union. And Mrs. Gregg and her fellow-workers deserve special mention for the sacrifice they made in serving upon the committees necessary to the success of the luncheon, in that it debarred them from the privilege of attending the functions at the church and at the Thompson home.

"Women in happy groups in the spacious hall enjoyed a bounteous repast, and at the close were delighted by a charming speech from Mrs. Rives, in which she graciously mingled words of welcome and farewell. Again Mrs. Stevens expressed the thanks of the White Ribboners for the welcome and entertainment so lavishly bestowed on us all, and without the slightest jar in the many details of the program of the day the large company took the train for Cincinnati, waving their good-byes to Hillsboro, and singing, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

The Hillsboro papers gave up column after column. One paper added Judge Thompson's poetic account of the Crusade. (See page 65 of this book.)

THE HALL OF THE OLD HOME.

Mother Thompson's Notes.

November 16, 1903.—What a day! Help us to interpret it aright, dear Lord! and may much good come to our town because of the zeal of "Thy handmaidens!"

My strength has been as my day! as it has so often been—How could I doubt Thy promises, O Lord!

December 2, 1903.—Still wonderfully well, and not in the least jarred by the multitude! What a "wonder-working God" we have! Help us to love Thee with all our hearts, our souls, *our all,* until we see Thee as Thou art!

December 5, 1903.—A beautiful morning; but too cold for me to go out. What a trial to be kept from the "house of God" by *distance,* etc.! Give me the needed grace and patience for all my cares, trials, and anxieties, and also give me gratitude for my many and varied blessings!

1903.—Another year has passed, and we are here! But we are nearer home—nearer to our heavenly home! Strengthen us for the flight, dear Father!

A Word from Mother Thompson.

John G. Woolley,—How glad I was to find that the spirit of bear and forbear, so in keeping with the compassionate Savior of mankind, and, we think, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was to be the mainspring of *The New Voice.* With your experience, ability, and the new element, I am quite sure

that *The New Voice* will be as one "crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make His paths straight." E. J. THOMPSON.

Hillsboro, Ohio.

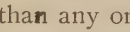
* * *

It was Christmas eve, 1903. Two members of the family had gone to play flute and organ in the church for children's festival; a third was at home with "dear mother." She knitted on pink-and-white mittens for the little baby of Rev. and Mrs. Henry O. Faulconer, referred, in course of conversation, to Mr. Detwiler and Mrs. Charles Harsha, and their wonderful Sunday-school, and remarked that her grandmother, Jane Allen Trimble, started the first Sunday-school in Hillsboro; showed the little book given her by that grandmother, which was loaned to all the pupils of that Sunday-school. "Don't let us worry about domestic changes in the kitchen this bitter weather; make no resolutions when we are in the midst of a frozen stream; wait until spring to agitate the labor question; reprove faults in the spirit of love, while we may hate them; exercise kindness in every rebuke."

The next day she was happy over the charming and numerous Christmas gifts which came to her. As one friend was taking leave of her, who had brought in person her gift, she said: "Remember, it takes a lifetime of cultivation and care, planting and watching, to make an acceptable old age, just as it takes an acre of roses to make one vial of ottar of roses." After the friend left she said: "I admire her! She has fine

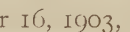
THE KITCHEN IN COLONIAL DAYS.

spirit, and certainly can make things look prettier on a little Japanese tray than any one I know of."



Bits of Conversations with Family in Late Years.

After the visit of the five hundred delegates from the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention, November 16, 1903, I said, "It is a matter of great surprise to some that you have such a following." "Not at all," she quickly replied; "Frances Willard and I each gave our best. Every society must have a leader. 'Ye are my witnesses; ye shall receive power from the Holy Spirit; I have spread you abroad as the four winds of heaven, saith the Lord.'" "Where is that?" I asked. "Zechariah, second chapter, sixth verse."



A Crusade Hymn,

Expressive of the Great Idea with which the Women of Hillsboro went forth.

Dedicated to Mrs. Thompson
by
Pastor Felix.

In His dear name who loved us so,
Forth to our duty will we go;
The task may seem like loss, like shame,—
Forth will we go in His dear name.

In His dear name! O who can tell
What courage in that thought may dwell!
In His dear name! Ah! who can know
Where by that impulse he may go?

To admire, to commend, to record virtue—a pleasant, easy task is this. But to do a heroic act when we do not know it heroic—that is of God and God-like.

HAMPDEN CORNER, MAINE,
February 17, 1896.

* * *

March 17, 1905.—*The Pilgrim Magazine* requested Mrs. Thompson to send them a photograph of herself and some data to be used in their article on "The Grand Dames of America." The associate editor wrote as follows:

"Knowing the inspiration your success in life has been to thousands of women, and the admiration and esteem in which you are held throughout the country, I am asking the courtesy of the use of your photograph in this article I am preparing.

"Cordially yours, STELLA REID CROTHERS."

When it appeared, it included sketches and portraits of Clara Barton, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, Fanny J. Crosby, Elize Jane Thompson, Hetty R. Green, Augusta Evans Wilson, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Amelia E. Barr, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Mary J. Holmes.—June number of *The Pilgrim,* 1905.

SOUTH VIEW OF MOTHER THOMPSON'S HOME.

HER OWN ROOM TO THE RIGHT.

The invitation to the unveiling of the Frances E. Willard statue in the National Capitol, Febraury 17th, was the great event for 1905 for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Thompson sent a copy of the *Western Christian Advocate* to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who sent the following reply:

"Dear Madam,—Best thanks for the *Christian Advocate* containing the very interesting account of the Miss Willard demonstration. It is very interesting indeed to find politicians and statesmen hastening to do honor to one who spent a noble life in trying to do good to the world. It is a good sign of the times. With all good wishes for all good causes, both in America and Britain, I am yours truly,

"WILFRID LAWSON."

CHAPTER III.

Eighty-Ninth Birthday—Joseph L. Boardman's Tribute—Illness and Death—Extracts from the Press—Letters of Condolence.

To Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson,

Mother of the "Temperance Crusade," on her Birthday, August 24, 1905.

"Blessed art thou among women" o'er the earth,
Thy sisters of the W. C. T. U.
Honor this happy day that gave thee birth,
And with glad hearts their prayers for thee renew.
Great was the work God called on thee to do,
And nobly didst thou answer to the call.
Loved and revered thou art to-day by all,
Who love their fellow-men and daily pray
For their deliverance from the tyrant's sway,
Whose power, to all mankind a deadly foe,
Has filled so many homes with want and woe.
Spared to the ripe old age of eighty-nine,
Each day and hour may joy and peace be thine,
Till God shall call thee to the Life Divine!

Joseph Lockhart Boardman.

Columbus, Ohio, August 23, 1905.

Some one asked Mrs. Thompson if she would like to give this verse to the local editor of the paper Mr. Boardman had charge of so many years. She replied, "No; it was too much praise beyond her deserving."

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The balmy sunshine of a first spring day of 1905 cast its beauty across the spacious hall in the old Hillsboro home.

From the blossoms and velvety modest grass, before unappreciative feet had trodden upon it, came a breath of spring, and the fowls, which had stood heroically a zero winter, took their reward in a proud sunning under a cheerful sky. Bright yellow jonquils emphasized spring's return, and Easter greetings were in evidence.

The summer came, with its bright sunshine and twilight evenings. To the delight of Mrs. Thompson's devoted children, it found her in comfortable health, and, although frail, quite equal to walking from room to hall, and always adding cheer and happiness to the dining-room by her presence. In the twilight she loved to hear the sound of flute and piano from the parlor, and would frequently call attention to the sunset glow upon the Rembrandt picture in the hall, indicating her hearty interest in her children's tastes.

When August 24th brought her eighty-ninth birthday, she received kind relatives, neighbors, and friends who called upon her, in her most gracious, sweet manner and without apparent fatigue.

"Rebecca Muntz has been faithful to me for years with flowers, fruit, and kindness," she said that day, and she felt it of many others.

The public celebration of her birthday took place at the Children's Home. For years her birthday had been a red-letter day of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

By Mrs. Thompson's request a resolution passed by order of the Highland County Union that the Children's Home should benefit by gifts made in her name, and the little children, the waifs, for which she had a tender mother love, were cheered by the wealth of affection and generosity bestowed upon her. Mrs. Thompson expressed to her family at the close of her last birthday that it had been the happiest she had passed for years.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

Funeral of Mrs. Judge Thompson.*

"My Dear Children and Friends,—When the chariot swings low enough for me to step in, let all things be done quietly, modestly, and humbly. No needless expense, no empty words, no useless commendations. 'Saved by grace' must be my theme on

*This article appeared in *The Western Christian Advocate.*

earth and in heaven." This memorandum, bearing date of June 9, 1905, was found among Mrs. Thompson's papers, and guided in the conduct of her funeral.

The body was laid in state in the Crusade Memorial Chapel of the Presbyterian Church. The casket was covered with Quaker gray cloth and surrounded with banks of flowers, white predominating, sent by the National, State, and local Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, and dear relatives and friends far and near. The wreath hung against the stained glass windows was magnificent! The surviving members of the first Woman's Crusade Praying Band acted as a guard of honor. As the hour of service approached, one hundred women, each wearing conspicuously the significant emblem of the White Ribbon filed out of the church door, two by two. It was an impressive sight, as it thrillingly recalled the historic march of the Crusaders from the same church door, December 23, 1873. It is also a coincidence worthy of mention that this very day and hour, Monday 2 P. M., a prayer-meeting for the universal spread of temperance has been maintained without a single omission for thirty-two years since the first meeting on this very spot of original Crusaders.

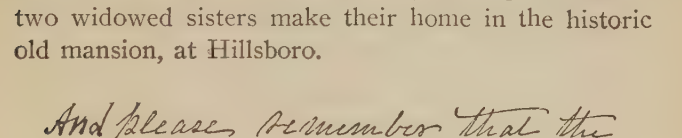
The funeral cortege proceeded to the Methodist Episcopal church, where the pastor, the Rev. W. A. Deaton, presided. The first address was made by Rev. Dr. Davis W. Clark, of Cincinnati, his theme having been assigned to him by Mrs. Thompson herself. It was, "The Influence of Religion Upon a Human Life."

Dr. Clark affirmed the continuous presence of Jesus upon the earth; the incarnation of His Divine ideals of love and service in the lives of His followers being the essential repetition of his own life.

The Rev. Dr. W. J. McSurely, of Oxford, Ohio, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Hillsboro during the Crusade, followed with reminiscences and an analysis of character. He spoke of Mrs. Thompson's democratic spirit. She was not lacking in pride of family; she appreciated the social prestige of being a governor's daughter; but she had a heart to feel for any and for all. This fine, sympathetic tuning of her soul was the secret of her phenomenal influence extending over all classes. In a time when the idle rich are doing so much to drag down the high standard of conduct, she made a large contribution toward its maintenance. Familiarity with Scripture was another characteristic. Many ministers, even, do not know their Bibles as she knew hers. Thus she enriched her language, whether writing or speaking. All who knew her felt the touch of her intimacy with God. The Rev. Mr. Deaton closed, affirming that the greatness of Mrs. Thompson consisted in her consecrated womanhood. The Rev. S. O. Royal, a former pastor; the Rev. Warren B. Dunham, Presbyterian; the Rev. Louis E. Durr, Episcopal; the Rev. R. D. Licklider, Baptist, shared in the service, while the choir sang favorite hymns. One brief hour was occupied, and the spirit of Mrs. Thompson's directions was faithfully kept.

The four remaining children were present—Mr. John B. Thompson, Salt Lake City; Mr. Henry B.

Thompson, Mrs. Dr. Edward Rives, and Mrs. Professor Herbert Tuttle. Mr. Henry Thompson and his two widowed sisters make their home in the historic old mansion, at Hillsboro.



FAC-SIMILE OF HANDWRITING OF "MOTHER" THOMPSON.

* * *

MEMORABILIA.

Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson, born in Hillsboro, Ohio, August 24, 1816; died November 4, 1905, aged eighty-eight years, two months, ten days. Daughter of Governor Allen Trimble and Rachel Woodrow Trimble. Married to Judge James Henry Thompson, September, 1837. Mother of eight children. Inaugurated the Woman's Temperance Crusade, December 23, 1873. Golden wedding celebrated September 21, 1887. Visited by five hundred delegates of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in session in Cincinnati. Member of the Advisory Council World's Congress of Representative Women World's Columbian Exposition, November 30, 1893. First woman to attend a National Temperance Convention.

Intimate friend and adviser of Frances E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset. Visited by Bishop Warren and a committee officially appointed by the Cincinnati Conference during its session in Hillsboro. The bishop, in reporting the visit to the Conference, pronounced it a most precious occasion. "It seemed to us as if a new era dawned upon the world in that heroic coming forth of woman for the moral uplift of the world, like the Deborahs and Hannahs of old. We felt that we were recognizing the great spirit of woman's power over the earth for the salvation of men that were in peril. After we had expressed the feeling of the Conference to her, she, lying there without a sign of weakness in any way, spoke to us like an angel. She said, 'That all trials, all tests of bravery, all difficult straits, had been always followed by great enlargements of spiritual life,' and quoted Anna Shipton's lines:

"'Better to me than all my hopes,
Better than all my fears—
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.'"

D. W. C.

A Beautiful Translation.

MRS. ELIZA J. T. THOMPSON, THE "MOTHER" OF THE CRUSADE, PASSES TO THE HOME BEYOND.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union owes much to the early leaders whose intrepid courage gave it birth. The inevitable changes incident to passing years and constantly broadening scope have in no way

lessened our loyalty to the Crusade "Mothers." Although no longer taking active part in our annual Conventions they are held in loving reverence, and every National gathering is opened with the reading of the Crusade Psalm and the singing of the Crusade Hymn, and a message of greeting is sent from the Convention to the mothers in Israel who still abide with us. Thus the thoughts of all are directed to the memorable events which called into being the greatest organization of women in the world's history.

This year, as usual, greeting went to our beloved Mother Thompson, who, even then, unknown to us, was nearing the Borderland. On November 3d, two days after the Convention closed, a message came to Los Angeles, California, from Hillsboro, Ohio, conveying the news that this dear saint of God had been released from the frail earthly habitation that had, through weeks of weary suffering, confined her glorious spirit. Mrs. Stevens, for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, immediately sent the following telegram to Mrs. Thompson's family:

"We sorrow with the bereaved household. We thank God for her gentle, great life, now crowned with immortality."

An offering of flowers, the sweet messengers of love which in themselves typify so beautifully the life after seeming death, was sent by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and it is deeply regretted that the great distance prevented the presence at Hillsboro of the National officers.—From *The Union Signal,* Los Angeles, November 30, 1905.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TEMPLE APPEAL, NOVEMBER, 1905, BY MRS. MATILDA B. CARSE.

In a letter written August, 1897, she says: "My faith receives new inspiration each week, as I open to Willard Hall Echoes, and hear the joyful songs of the redeemed ones as the scales of blindness and temptation fall from their eyes. O, how I long to be there to rejoice with them and the dear, faithful ones who minister to them! My poor, feeble prayers are ever with you and for your success in your grand work. The answer of peace comes very sweetly at times, when asking our God for the Temple, and the unseen voice says, *'Be still and know that I am God; with Me all things are possible.'* "

When I heard of the serious injury to the beloved Mother of our organization I wrote her that some day, when we get our Temple bonds paid, her dear face would illuminate Willard Hall and beam down upon us from one of the memorial windows. She returned the following message to me, through her daughter, Mrs. Tuttle, just three weeks before her translation: "Those whose faces shine in Temple windows will be those undoubtedly who have come up out of great tribulations. 'O, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows with agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones!' (Isaiah liv, 11, 12.)"

She was lovingly and tenderly cared for, says Mrs.

Carse (besides the services of devoted trained nurse) by her two adoring daughters.

As we think of this saint of God, we see only the personification of love. Age did not rob her of the tender grace that springs from a soul, which, though called to pass through great tribulations, has sought and found all its source of strength in God. None could approach her without feeling that it was a heavenly benediction to be in her presence, so full of love was the atmosphere that enveloped her, and breathed from her every act and word.

She had the spirit of heaven in her heart; death only claimed the wornout mantle of clay. Clothed in youth and immortal beauty we think of her to-day, rejoicing in the abundant entrance that has been administered unto her in the Paradise of God.

Letters of Condolence and Sympathy.

The following are extracts from some of the letters of condolence received by the family:

Bishop David Moore wrote from Brooklyn, November 13th:

"This moment my eye fell upon the announcement in *The Western Christian Advocate* of your noble mother's coronation. I am sorry for you who remain, but for her I have only joy. What a woman, what a mother, what a leader she was!

"May the Lord comfort and sustain you both!

"In deep sympathy, David H. Moore."

Bishop John H. Vincent wrote December 8th from Kansas (en route):

"My Dear Friends,—The shadow fell upon you. And it lingers still and will linger long. She was a good mother—noble, earnest, faithful, and gifted. One can have only one mother. You feel the loss keenly. The sense of loneliness is hard to bear.

"Accept my sincere sympathy in this dark day. Think how bright it is just beyond the river!

"May the light of Heaven fall on you all as a family continually! Sincerely yours,

"John H. Vincent."

Rev. Dr. Gilbert, editor *Western Christian Advocate,* December 26th, remarks in a letter to the family:

"We can understand how even the Christmas will be distinctly modified this year, but you have a rich heritage in the memory of such a mother. And it was with profound sorrow that we learned in the first instance of her illness; and with the fullest sympathies for all the family we have expressed our condolence."

Rev. Helber D. Ketcham, presiding elder of the Dayton District, exclaims:

"How Christian she was! Indeed, she was the most gifted woman we ever met. We admired her greatly. We are with the bereaved family in thought and prayer. May the Friend who was the Companion of the Shadow and Valley, to whom you have lifted your hearts in joys and sorrows, not forsake you now!"

Rev. Isaac F. King writes from Hong Kong, December 15, 1905, his regret in the accident, and goes on to remark: "To my mind, Mrs. Thompson is one of the most lovely and most distinguished characters I have ever met."

A most worthy article, by Miss Nannie Bowles, appeared in *The Hillsboro Magazine,* and the local papers gave due attention to interesting incidents in the life of Mrs. Thompson.

The Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, presiding Bishop of the House of Bishops, Episcopal Church:

"I want to send to you and Mrs. Rives and family the assurance of my deep sympathy. With your mother all is well. Death, to such a follower of the loved and loving Savior, is peace, rest, love, Home. God mercifully have us in His holy keeping, and bring us, too, there with our loved ones by and by! What a sweet and helpful and effective militant life for the Master and for His 'little ones' your dear mother lived! I have been greatly interested and touched in reading the memorials."

The following is taken from the letter of the Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent to the family:

"Of course, at her time of life, her death was in no way surprising, though it seems pitiful that it should have been the direct result of an accident. She was so beautiful in person, as well as in life and character, that it would have been our human way to have

had her simply translated by an almost imperceptible change to the life beyond. But somehow it was best as it is! The pang of parting with those who gave us life and love, no matter how long it may be postponed, can never be entirely done away. But you will find comfort at length in thankfulness that she was spared to you so long, that such a holy spirit was entering in this way on its reward of fuller existence in the world above, and that it was a life so full of happiness to you her children, and of blessing to all who came into contact with her."

Senator J. B. Foraker sent for himself and Mrs. Foraker a telegram of sympathy, and Congressman Nicholas Longworth said in his letter of condolence to Mrs. Rives:

"Mrs. Thompson's work for temperance was noble, and was of real service to the cause. Her life was an example of what a good woman can do, and her death is a loss to Ohio."

Another man in political life said: "We have been fighting the battles over again in Ohio which she and those consecrated women fought in 1873."

Rodney Trimble, M. D. (cousin of Mrs. Thompson) wrote at the New Year, when looking at her photograph sent to him by the family:

"What a wonderful face she had! May a faith and courage like unto hers sustain you all, and bring the victory of peace and joy at last."

Hon. Robert Roberts, of Burlington, Vermont:

"The notice announcing the death of your beautiful mother is received. My impression of her gracious personality is still more vivid. It is indeed fortunate that you could have kept her with you so long, although it now makes her loss the harder to meet. You have my most sincere sympathy."

President Charles F. Thwing says (December 9th): "As noble as that article is, yet it does not and can not convey that peculiar charm of personality which your mother represented."

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson says (January 2, 1905):

"Thank you for sending me the magazine with the notice of your mother, who always seemed to me remarkable in the powers she retained into old age. It is evident, as one grows older, that age really depends very much upon the individuality of temperament, and to those whose tendency is to action it is very difficult to lay it aside."

From Mrs. May Wright Sewall, under date of December 18, 1905:

"I think it would be quite improper for me to send you on this occasion any words of condolence. So much longer than is the average time for us to enjoy our mothers, have you enjoyed yours, that there must long ago have come to you what I consider a source of very great happiness; viz., an ability to appreciate your mother while she was still living; and added to

this, in your case, has been the pleasure of living to see her appreciated by others. Some thirty years ago, I think it is, Miss Willard, whom I had known when I was in college at Evanston, gave me my first impression of the mother of 'the Crusade.' I thought then, as I think now, that she was undoubtedly chosen of God to lead the little band which unconsciously, building better than they knew, inaugurated a great world movement whose end is not yet. Instead of condoling with you, my dear Mrs. Tuttle, I congratulate you on her long life, useful to the end of it and useful far beyond the apparent end of this world's phase of life. I have placed the sketch of your mother's life on the reading table in the residence of the school, hoping that some girl's heart will be touched by it, some girl's ambition spurred to effort whose end shall be outside herself. Cordially yours."

From Mrs. William E. Dodge:

"Mother desires to thank you heartily for thinking of her and for sending the message which tells us that your dear mother has gone home. Mother sends her sympathy, and yet her congratulations, that such a sainted life was given to the world. Mother Thompson certainly did a wonderful work, and those of us who have learned to know and to admire the great work of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union have also learned to admire the beautiful lives that were the beginnings of all that great work. One can not grieve at the going home of such a life, and yet I can well understand how lonely the home

will seem without her, and both my mother and I want to send our sympathetic thoughts.

"Faithfully yours, GRACE H. DODGE."

Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey wrote, November 25th, from Pasadena:

"We are bereft of our best and bravest pioneer leader. The realization of our own bereavement makes us feel sad, while we are assured that it is well with her, and that she is happy with the Lord and with the loved ones gone before. You and your sister and brothers have my sincere sympathy in your great loss of the sweet companionship of your blessed mother. She was one whom the entire White Ribbon army delighted to honor, and her name will never cease to be spoken with reverence in our annual conventions."

Mrs. Sarah M. Perkins, whose death occurred so soon after the death of Mrs. Thompson, had written to the family only a few days before:

"She has seen God! She will be busy about her family, about us all, her co-workers, and will still love us and bring us comfort."

These seem wonderful words expressed by one to be so soon and so suddenly called hence.

Mrs. McCabe, of Delaware, Ohio's first president Woman's Christian Temperance Union:

"How full my heart is of her memory, and how mindful I am of your bereavement! She was charming to the last with the old, inherited colonial grace and, still better, the Christian spirit and positive character. I was startled by the tidings of her departure."

Mrs. Henrietta Monroe, Ohio's second president Woman's Christian Temperance Union, calls a little memento from Mrs. Thompson's room "a priceless treasure." "Character is revealed by even the choice of garments, and your mother's toilets were in keeping with her lovely self. When I first saw her she wore soft grays with touches of black. Will you and your brothers and sister permit me to be your friend the remaining days of my life? I can not say much now to comfort you, but I can pray, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.'"

Mrs. Annie Clark, now the president of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, wrote in *The Messenger:*

"It is a sad coincidence that in this Crusade number of *The Messenger* we record the funeral of our Mother Thompson. By her passing to her reward at this anniversary season our minds should revert to, and be thankful for, the movement which began in such consecration and hardship, and has developed with such power."

Mrs. McSurely, one of the original Crusaders, wife of the Rev. Dr. W. J. McSurely, wrote from Oxford, Ohio:

"It is hard to realize the dear mother is no longer in the old home. I count it a great privilege and blessing to have known her; and to have been one of those so near to her in the beginning of her great

work. Words would feebly express my love and admiration for our leaders, whom we all delighted to honor. She rests from her labors and truly her works do follow her."

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, of Cleveland, wrote: "She was so noble and strong, even so gentle, I admired her greatly."

Belle Kearney, the very talented Mississippi woman who has just made a courageous tour in Russia and elsewhere, and who formed a Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Bethlehem of Judea, writes:

"Her great life has been a benediction to the whole earth. Her beautiful spirit will now go on from height to height. God help us, who are left, to follow the way that she led so nobly! May the peace of God abide with her family!"

Katherine Lente Stevenson, President Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union:

"I was on the Pacific Coast when the news came to me. She had no friend who appreciated her more, and none who loved her better. We cherish and revere her memory as the mother of our great work, and I know how rejoiced she must be as she looks down from heaven's heights, to see how splendidly that work is going on."

Anna A. Gordon wrote, November 11th, from Evanston:

"I do not know how to tell you of the tender pathos in my heart as I try to realize your precious mother's

entrance into the 'Sweet Beyond.' My thought has been continuously with you since the sad message came just as our Convention had closed, and we were starting on a succession of trips terminating to-day in our arrival here in this dear sacred home of one who, with your sainted mother, walks in light. I know every step of the *Via Dolorosa* you are treading, and I feel sure the light from your mother's face is reflected in your own, and you are able to enter into her joy even in your great grief. I can not be too grateful that we made our Woman's Christian Temperance Union pilgrimage to your home in 1903, and attempted to tell our beloved one of our gratitude and love. God comfort you all! Yours sincerely."

Tributes from Temperance Union.

The local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and also the Woman's Relief Corps, of which Mother Thompson was a member, by their resolutions, floral offerings, and kind attentions, paid handsome tribute to her they delighted to honor.

Permission was asked of the family to name the Hillsboro Woman's Christian Temperance Union the "Mother Thompson" Union. The society of her native town, and of which she had always been president, leave the chair vacant in her honor, but the work is carried on by an able, consecrated "Mother in Israel," Mrs. M. S. Morgan, Vice-President at large. There are also six vice-presidents, representing the different

Churches, and the other faithful officers remaining the same.

The following paragraphs are taken from the tribute of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hillsboro:

"Many loving tributes were paid to the memory of Mrs. E. J. Thompson by the ministers of her town, and several from other places, on the day her body (beautiful even in death) was hidden from our sight to await the resurrection. But we, as the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, over which she presided ever since its organization in 1874, must add our humble tribute also, as we feel that, next to the family, we are the greatest mourners.

"To see and know her duty as she did on that memorable day of the beginning of the Crusade against saloons, was for her to do it trusting in God for the consequences. The fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, shone brightly through all her life; but if there were any that predominated, they surely were gentleness (although so firm and strong) and faith. How vividly we recall the gentleness with which she presided at our weekly meetings, through all those long, weary, waiting years, always ready with the 'soft answer' for any who might seem a little inclined to be critical or fault-finding; always emphasizing the fact that our Union was not only a Temperance Union, but a Christian Temperance Union, and always teaching us by precept and example to strive to be guided by the Spirit of Christ!"

Missionary Memorial.

The following memorial was read at the meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

MRS. E. J. THOMPSON.

"It seemeth such a little way to us
Across to that strange country, the beyond;
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond."

A serene closing to a long and beautiful life, was the home-going of Mrs. E. J. Thompson from her own heart's beloved here, to the loved ones already passed into the inner glories.

Does not our dear Heavenly Father grant more than the full allotment of years to some saintly souls that we may see the blessedness and beauty of godly age, fulfilling his own incessant word, "Thine age shall be clearer than the noonday?"

As a child Eliza J. Trimble received the inviting touch of the Master, and thenceforth became an earnest, true follower of her Lord.

When the voice of the Spirit spake to a few of the seer-like souls of heathenism, saying, "Send out women by women to be My evangels, to win their Christless sisters to Me," Mrs. Thompson was readily responsive to the request of our then pastor, Rev. G. F. Marlay, to accept the presidency of our newly-formed auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Hers was a wise, gentle, tactful leadership, retaining it until Hillsboro became the Bethlehem of the Crusade movement, and to Mrs. Thompson was intrusted the initiative of what is now a world-wide beneficence, her own name a fair and fadeless one.

To her the heavenly gates have opened wide, she has entered the living presence of the blessed Jesus to go no more out forever.

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NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union had sent the following telegram which has been considered quite remarkable in its construction:

"LOS ANGELES, CAL., November 4th.

"HENRY B. THOMPSON AND FAMILY,—We sorrow with the bereaved household. We thank God for her gentle, great life, now crowned with immortality.

"L. M. N. STEVENS AND NATIONAL OFFICERS."

Mrs. Stevens's letter, which followed, read:

"You must know that you have our tenderest sympathy, which is shared by all White Ribboners everywhere. We do not think of her as dead, but alive for evermore, and we know that

'Life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.'

Our great Convention had closed when the message came; but as we told our comrades as we met them on the way, they would reverently bow their heads. She was beloved and honored. 'She will go never from our hearts away,' but be an inspiration and help to all who desire to see our nation freed from its greatest evil. May you all be divinely blest and upborne, is my prayer."

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World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union and National British Woman's Temperance Association.

Ripley, Derbyshire, England.

To the Family of Mother Thompson:

My Dear Friends,—I have just heard of the homegoing of Mother Thompson. I at once write you and send my own loving sympathy, and to express on behalf of her world-wide organization the universal gratitude we feel toward your honored mother as one of the first pioneers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the United States of America.

Most lovingly I congratulate you on her victories, her unswerving testimonials, and on the beautiful life which has now become a glorified one. God bless you all, and give you His peace!

Affectionately yours, Agnes E. Slack,

Hon. Secretary W. W. C. T. U.

FROM LADY SOMERSET.

THE COTTAGE,
REIGATE, February 15th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In the picture-gallery of my mind there is very vividly depicted the portrait of your dear mother as I first saw her. I recall the great meeting at Tremont Temple, the first I ever attended in America, the crowds outside the building, that vast audience, the rows of delegates. I can hear the inspiration of Frances Willard's words, and the loving welcome which was accorded me because I came to represent the same cause in the old country; and in the midst of excitement and enthusiasm the president summoned to her side a slender woman with silver hair, and the great mass-meeting rose to do homage to one to whom they owed their very existence. I do not recollect the few words your mother spoke. I only remember the deep impression they made upon me, as she said that neither power nor influence nor eloquence are necessary for the inception of great movements. As the frail form stood there with the setting sun of this world shining on her, how clearly I saw that what is needed is a heart filled with the Spirit of God and a life obedient to His will! In a few brief words she gave the story, which was already so well known to those present, of the first meeting in the church of Ohio, and I knew that the call to work had come to the women of America on the day that she had quietly risen up to follow the behests of God—

the day on which she had given herself a willing instrument for His purposes, and had trodden the path of submission in the footsteps of the mother who is "blessed among women." And now she has joined the great soul who stood by her side that day, and has entered into that fuller knowledge for which this life is but the preparation. For a while she is hid from your eyes, but the communion of saints is not broken, and her spirit is not far. May the work that she began grow and prosper, develop and mature, not perhaps always along the lines laid down by the founder; for methods may change, outlooks may grow wider, but the principle remains and the inspiration endures.

Believe me, yours in sincere affection,

ISABEL SOMERSET.

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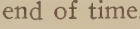
23 TRULL STREET, May 23, 1906.

MY DEAR MRS. TUTTLE,—I want to beg your pardon for this tardy acknowledgment of your letter of last February to Mrs. Hunt. When I read it to her she smiled reminiscently and said: "A great mother of a great movement. I shall be very glad to write Mrs. Tuttle a few words showing my appreciation of that noble pioneer in temperance work who blazed the way for us all." Often after that she referred to the matter and said, "I must write to Mrs. Tuttle as soon as I feel a little stronger." But that time never came, and now they are face to face, your mother and our great leader of scientific temperance.

Both being dead, yet speak, and their work will live on after them to the end of time.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRIETTA AMELIA MIRICK, *Sec'y.*



SOME FINAL REFLECTIONS.

In those last months of life when she could not attend Church these lines of Mrs. Hemans remind us of her sweet spirit:

> "I may not tread with them those pathways,
> Yet O, my God, I bless—
> My chastened heart and all its throbbings stilled
> To one deep calm of loveliest thankfulness."

The pastoral calls of her minister, Rev. W. A. Deaton, and the kindly Christian sympathy of his wife, were coveted pleasures she anticipated. Mr. Deaton gathered up the impression of her noble life well when he said at the funeral, "The greatness of Mrs. Thompson consisted in her consecrated womanhood."

Neither family devotion nor medical aid could have hoped to hold much longer this noble, sainted woman, even if a pitiful accident, a hip-joint fracture, had not occurred.

The seven weeks of her last illness were characterized by unusual cheerfulness, patience, and perfect resignation to God's will. A heavenly expression upon her face, which all remarked, emphasized the words of

a social friend, Mr. E. L. Ferris: "Mrs. Thompson had brilliant faith."

It comes as a solace to all who loved her, the tender care in the last illness. Twice her son, J. B. Thompson, made the long journey from Salt Lake City to be near her; and her four children and only grandson were with her. Trained and devoted nurses aided her physicians and surgeons, Dr. W. W. Glenn and Dr. H. M. Brown, in their care of the case; and a favorite cousin, Mrs. Ann Kirby Smith, was yet spared to be near her at the last. November 3d, at noon, a glorious sun flooded the southern window in the sacred room where three generations had lived, and where at last she died.

So gently each breath lifted the exultant spirit of Mother Thompson to "the Holy City and her Savior," which, among her last words, she told her beloved children she beheld before the heavenly reward was eternally hers.

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold the palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms—turn to thy rest."

MARIE THOMPSON RIVES.

"One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,"

had finally come. She was indeed beloved. Why? Because for years she had had

"A heart at leisure from itself
To sooth and sympathize."

"Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me with sacrifice." (Psa. l, 5.)

SOME WORDS UTTERED IN HER LAST ILLNESS.

"Prayerful men and women can accomplish much in every direction to eliminate evil. The temperance work has been a prayerful, consecrated work."

"I am, first of all, a Crusader, then a prohibitionist, and I never shall say a word against the anti-saloon men; but I do not understand the machinery of politics."

"Charity should rule every action."

"I think our President desires to see things from all sides. One of the most beautiful pictures since the coming in of the *Mayflower* was the President of the United States taking his own little Bible and reading to the men that afternoon at the seaside—and it was no haphazard work: he had his spiritual marks all made out." Then she paused, as if she was thinking very seriously. I asked if she was not weary. "No," she replied, "I was thinking there is only one way to understand this accident. Job had made a great success of life, and received much praise and recognition, and 'shall I receive good and not evil at the hands of the Lord?' he exclaimed. You remember his last days were his best."

Memorials.

Four trees were planted at the old home a fortnight later, two oaks, one beech, one elm—in memory of Governor Allen Trimble and Rachel Woodrow, his wife; James Henry Thompson and Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson—by a loving son.

> "What does he plant who plants a tree?
> He plants in sap and leaves and wood,
> In love of home and loyalty
> And far-cast thought of civil good—
> His blessing on the neighborhood,
> A Nation's growth from sea to sea
> Stirs in his heart who plants a tree."
> (Richard Watson Gilder.)

On the granite placed by the other son which now marks the cemetery mounds of Judge and Mrs. Thompson, there is engraven by the devoted family,

> "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
> My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love."

VII.
PRESS NOTICES.

SECOND EDITION.

Hillsboro Crusade Sketches and Family Records. By Mrs. Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson, her two daughters and Frances E. Willard. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. Price, $1.25, 12mo., Fourteen Illustrations. Green Linen Binding. Silver Lettered.

Press Notices of the First Edition of "Hillsboro Crusade Sketches and Family Records."

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., FEB. 7TH, 1896.

This lovely, artistic book (more so than any we have put forth to embalm the Crusade) has just arrived, and I wish to send my congratulations and to say how much I think it will help the cause. It must be reviewed at once for "The Union Signal" and other papers. Enclosed is a check for books which I should like sent to England as gifts from me; 25 to Lady Somerset, 1 to Canon Wilberforce, to Sir Wilfred Lawson, etc. (she gives the names). I want English Leaders to know the authentic sources of our movement which contains their leader's endorsement. (She means herself by the "leader.")

How charming are the dear sketches! I can see the delicate hands and minds of your daughters all through. Heaven bless you all. Your loving friend,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Predominant among the organized extra-ecclesiastical forces that operate for the advent of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which, originating in an impulse of reform, has culminated in an impact for reconstruction

of society and State. This little volume contains seven chapters, the first two being events in the lives of Governor Allen Trimble and his only daughter. The following chapters contain the history of the Hillsboro Crusade, the story of Mrs. Thompson's sun-set years by her daughter, Mrs. Rives, and the outook over the field from the point of view of the sister's in-reform, Frances E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset. The book is illustrated with portraits, photo-engravings of historic places, and reproductions of india-ink sketches from the brush of Mrs. Tuttle, who, in the "Family Records," gives us close and satisfying views of the noble stock whence Mrs. Thompson sprang, which adds greatly to the interest of the volume. —*Western Christian Advocate*, Feb. 5th and 25th, 1896. Cincinnati, Ohio.

The 250,000 members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and all who are interested in that association will welcome the story of the movement which was the spontaneous expression of the desperate earnestness of brave women to make an end of the wrongs and sufferings of their helpless sisters. This movement was, by its very nature, short lived, but it planted the seeds of a work that has grown to such proportions that it is a recognized power in the affairs of the nation. Dauntless courage and indomitable determination have characterized it from the beginning, and its fruits will abide.—*The Churchman*, March 21st, 1896.

The late Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, ll.d., l.h.d., s.t.d., after receiving a copy of this book, wrote the following:

"A heroic and saintly lineage accounts for them, but the personal quality and specialty can not be lost sight of. There is something in the daughters which does not appear in the ancestry, remarkable as that is. Why is it that faces like that of Jane Allen Trimble are not born and bred and seen any more? That of Miss Willard belongs to a different epoch; Mrs. Thompson's to the transition period. I question whether there is any form of literary work more fruitful and effective in character building than biographies of this kind, if written in this way. Of the great cause to which the mother's public life has been so signally devoted, I sup-

pose it may be said without dispute, that it represents the reform most needed in the United States, resisting an evil which, as it seems to me, exceeds any that can be named in enormity, peril and destructiveness.

"In reading the book it does not occur to me that there is a style at all, and that, I take it, is the perfection of literary merit, i. e., that the diction should be so suited to the subject, the thought, the feeling, the purpose, that it should not take attention to itself. The unity, all of it, seemed to befit the theme and the scene, i. e., to be graceful, natural, well bred, lucid, and animated."

Rev. William C. Winslow, ll.d., l.h.d., s.t.d., wrote:

"Lady Somerset, whose eloquent portrait is a fitting sequel to these absorbingly interesting sketches, closes the story with a letter to the author in which she says: 'We all think your sketches should appear in book form, and marvel that you have so clear and bright a pen, both figuratively and literally, after your life-time of care and toil.'

"This is a book that leaders in humanitarianism will richly appreciate, and that a mighty array of men and women will catch inspiration from, whether on the battlefields of their lives or for their fellows, or in the hour of cloister, or home when some impulse of bravery and of re-consecration to work is their greatest need.

"The frontispiece not merely arrests the eye; it is a study, an inspiration before turning one of the 207 leaves, every one of which has a lesson or an incident, The tributes of Mrs. Tuttle to her grandparents and parents are models of good taste and condensation, and her skill as an artist is admirably seen in the sketches which illustrate the narrative. Mrs. Rives pays a beautiful tribute to her mother in 'Approaching Life's Sunset' and we may well imagine the faithful devotion of both daughters to their dear and honored parents."—*The Boston Commonwealth*, April 25th, 1896.

"Progress," Feb. 29th, 1866, St. John, New Brunswick.
By "Pastor Felix," Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart.

In reviewing this book "Pastor Felix" gives a long extract from Judge Thompson's portion, and says that these events have become

historic and occupy a prominent place in the permanent records of the State. The persons who were concerned in the movement were the most respectable in the community ; the leader being a daughter of the late ex-Governor Allen Trimble, and worthy the excellence of her lineage. Mrs. General McDowell, and others, have departed, but Mrs. Thompson still remains and wears the honors of her "beautiful years" with a grace as charming as youth itself. The "old home" in which she resides is a shrine in which is deposited many a relic and souvenir ; to which comes many a visitor and where some distinguished ones have found with the others a cordial welcome and a congenial habitation. The old "Crusade Church" (Presbyterian) was last year taken down, and a new structure of stone is in process of erection on its site.

Genesis, for me, is the most interesting of the Old Testament. The genesis of anything commands wide attention. If it be of a movement, and that movement lives and grows, interest is increased.

Mrs. E. J. Thompson's "Hillsboro Crusade Sketches" is essentially of the beginnings of the woman's movement against the saloon in support of purity and the home.

January 1st, 1903, marked the consummation of woman's work against the saloons in Hillsboro, for that day the saloons were closed under the Beal local option law.

To understand what persistent, prayerful work is demanded one needs to read Mother Thompson's delightful little book.

HARVEY G. FURBAY.

"They are instinct with personality and speak in terms of the human will and the soul."

"Hillsboro Crusade Sketches and Family Records," is the suggestive title of a daintily bound volume which embodies the history of the great temperance movement and the family history of her whom we delight to honor. That mother and daughters unite in this graceful work is not the least of its many engaging features.

The early history and vivid pictures of pioneer life and later experiences of the family, from the vigorous pen of Mrs. Tuttle, together with extracts from the writings of her uncle, Rev. J. M.

Trimble, D. D., and others, with choice photogravures of the homes of the family, from sketches in India ink by her sympathetic brush, revive pleasant memories in those familiar, and awaken a thrilling interest in those who have only this means of seeing Mrs. Thompson and her quaint ancestral environment.—*Hillsboro Gazette*, August 28th, 1896. MRS. EMMA SCARBOROUGH.

A new book dedicated "to the white ribbon workers in all lands" has just been brought out by Cranston & Curts, Cincinnati. It is of special interest as coming from the pen of Mrs. Eliza Jane Thompson, together with chapters by her daughters and Miss Willard. It is beautifully illustrated with pictures of homes and historic scenes and portraits, including pictures of Miss Willard, Lady Henry, and especially a most beautifully executed one of Mrs. Thompson for the frontispiece.

But of course the point of greatest interest centers around the Crusade Sketches which are as thrilling and vivid as anything written by Sir Walter Scott of the old Middle Age Crusades, and stir one like stories from Napoleon's Old Guard, only with a higher, holier exaltation. Miss Willard has added her reminiscences and first impressions of Mrs. Thompson.—*The Union Signal*, Feb. 28th, 1896, Chicago, Ill.